

THE HOME:

A

Fireside Monthly Companion and Guide,

FOR

THE WIFE, THE MOTHER, THE SISTER, AND THE DAUGHTER.

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COUNTRY HOMES AND COUNTRY WOMEN.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

THE first home that ever made glad the human heart, was a *rural* home. Nestled away in the bright Orient it lay, an emerald beauty, fresh from the pure thoughts of God. The morning sunshine came down from the crystal depths of heaven, and stole its way in among the verdure, to look into the rivers that threaded their way like lines of silver through the Eden garden, to sleep in cups of the fragrant violets, and kiss the cheeks of the happy family that called the garden home. In the evening the moon looked out from her soft bridal veil, and the light of her loving eye fell pure and beautiful into the lap of Paradise.

The birds — what may we not imagine of the melody of those birds, whose warblings floated out from the depth of foliage that crowned the tree of life? Thank God! that He ever gave to earth bird-music, for what has it not taught us of the harmonies of heaven? and thank Him too, for the glimpse of Eden He has given us, to inweave itself with our conceptions of a perfect home! — a garden basking in purity, fanned by the breezes of love, and tapestried with gladness. Alas! alas! that man should have

failed to bequeath to posterity so lovely an inheritance!

But learn we not these sweet lessons from its brief history? That God loves the country, and has adapted man to rural life; that the gathering together of Nature's simple beauties for the creation of a home, is something like God's work in planting a garden for our first parents, and that the purification of humanity, so that it may blend harmoniously with all that is lovely in nature, is man's most noble work.

There may be reasons which render it wisdom with some to choose for a home the dusty town; but give to me a resting-place where the invigorating air comes fresh from the mountain-tops, the lakes, or the prairies; where health steals in with every zephyr; where the waters that I drink, carry a laughing life into every artery; where the golden wheat and corn present their wave offerings before me; where the apple bends to ask my plucking, and the fragrant peach-trees drop their delicious blessings at my feet. Give me a home where the robins and the orioles come with their gifts of song; where I may gather flowers of God's own planting

in their native wilds, or flowers that I have cherished on my own bright lawn; a home where the pure lambs gambol on my own hill-sides, and my children gambol with them as pure and beautiful as they. Above all, give me a home where I may feel free from the restraints of fashion, and develop myself, as far as may be, into the full perfection of humanity.

In order to comprehend the idea of a perfect home, it is necessary to comprehend that of a perfect human being. Not that such a personage exists on earth, but that the grand aim of life is to approximate perfection, and that all our surroundings should, as far as possible, comport with this object.

A perfect human being, then, would be one whose physical, mental, and moral power, were well-balanced and fully developed. One whose animal nature predominates greatly over the intellectual, and whose spiritual nature slumbers, is a monstrosity. And scarcely less painful to the sight, is a view of a precocious mind, connected with a body enfeebled by disease, yielding up its life-juices to sustain, for a few more days, the ever-active mentality, than to sink into the embrace of death; or, with all its depth of understanding, failing to comprehend the religious element of humanity, but yielding to that preternatural spiritual development, unbalanced by the powers of reason, which has been the fruitful parent of that superstition and fanaticism, whose dark clouds have enveloped the mental and moral worlds for so large a portion of earth's history, with such chilling and gloomy embraces.

Childhood's home is the cradle and the nursery of man's existence, and he bears with him through life, impressions received from the formative influences surrounding him there, so that it may almost be received as a maxim, that what the character of a person's home is during his early life, such will be the character of the matured man. But, by the term of *home*, we would here include not only

the material objects by which he is surrounded, but the minds by which he is influenced. And we may even go back of childhood, for hereditary transmission engrafts upon the child's being, the influences of objects which existed, and circumstances which took place prior to its birth. Is it evidently duty, then, to bestow more attention upon our homes than is customary in the country, to surround them with elevating influences, making them very Edens of beauty, purity and nobleness. The desire of accumulating large fortunes for transmission to children at the parents' death, often robs them of their right to a pleasant and ennobling home during the parents' life. Better far would it be, that their characters should be molded amid the blessings which wealth is not able to procure, than that an uncultivated manhood should be cursed, as it often is, with gold that it did not earn, and the value of which, except as it contributes to personal aggrandizement, it is unable to appreciate. And aggrandizement of *mere gold*, is of itself so degrading, that it were better far, one should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and thus live in honest independence, than be submitted to its influence.

We would not, by any means, that our country people should ape the extravagance that prevails in large towns. We would only, that they should, with a moderate outlay of expense, such as can be well afforded, surround themselves with a variety of the simple pleasures of nature and art, that they may delight to relieve themselves of their incessant labor with the muck-rake, as Bunyan has it, looking no way but downward, and raking to themselves only straws, sticks, and dust, and enjoy the crown of blessings suspended over their heads by a bountiful Providence. Happy will it be for the world when wealth shall only be valued for its ennobling uses.

(To be continued.)

"IS IT A GOOD MATCH?"

BY MAURICE DELANCEY.

"GOOD-EVENING, uncle Edward."

It was in the pleasant library of a New York merchant, where the words were uttered, and the occupants of the room were two; the merchant himself, a gentleman of fifty years, mayhap, who was occupying a favorite easy chair before the grate, and a merry-eyed girl of less than half his years, who, dressed in traveling costume, stood just within the door-way.

"Well, well, well!" said the gentleman, starting up at the sound of the words, and advancing across the room with a pleased expression on his face. "Really if my sunny niece 'Allie' is not the last person I expected to meet to-night. But," he continued, after a hearty shake of the hand, "where are the rest of them? You surely did not come alone all the way from C. . . .?"

"Oh, no, uncle! there were a great many on the cars all the way."

"Yes, yes, I'll warrant," said Mr. Edward Wayland. "You are brother George over again; he always answered a question cornerways."

"Well, I did come alone some of the way, uncle, but whose fault was it? Didn't I write to cousin Wesley more than a week ago, that I should certainly start on such a day, and he might meet me where he chose? and now the lazy fellow, who has always protested he would come clear there after me, if I would come and make a good visit, never even got to the depot, but left me to my fate."

"Well, it's shabby, that's a fact," said Mr. Wayland; "but Wesley never got your letter, that's certain. It can't be possible," he continued, drawing a quantity of papers from a side pocket, "that —"

"Yes, I see into it," said Alice Wayland, catching up a tiny, white envelope which dropped on the carpet, bearing her cousin's address. "You took Wesley's letter and hid it. Oh, uncle Edward!"

"I plead 'guilty,' and 'not guilty' to the charge," said Mr. Wayland. "I took it, for here it is, but I know not when, and have not, therefore, kept it maliciously. Shall I deliver it to him now?"

"No! throw it in the fire, and let me ask questions. Where is aunt? and Lizzie? and Wesley?"

"Oh! at a party somewhere, I believe; I plead off to-night, thinking I should enjoy myself better here, which I am sure I shall now."

Edward and George Wayland were brothers, and had for some years been connected in business in the metropolis, but a trip to the west by the younger brother George, had the effect of inducing him to leave his native city, and remove to the young but flourishing one called Chicago. So, for five years, the brothers and their families had known little of each other, save by occasional correspondence, until Alice, an only child, after endeavoring vainly to induce her father to leave his business and accompany her, had decided to try her fortune alone, or, at least, unattended by any relative.

With this brief history of the families, we will continue the conversation (which has not lagged) in the pleasant library.

"I do n't know how much you will enjoy it, uncle, for it has been a long time since I said good-bye in this self-same room, and I have many questions to ask."

"And you expect me to do all the answering, do you?" said Mr. Wayland. "I think I have been in business too long to be caught in that way. So you shall ask one, and I one, and, as I am the oldest, I will begin."

We will not undertake to detail all the conversation for the next half hour, but will take it at the close of that period, with a question of Alice.

"But do you like the match, uncle Edward? You do n't tell me that."

"Nor do I intend to. You are going to make Julia a good visit, you

say, and when you get back, perhaps I will tell you. You are not to go prejudiced, remember."

"Well, I shall go prejudiced, I am sure," was Alice's reply, "for Julia was too good for a farmer's wife," and the enthusiastic girl nearly shed a tear at the thought of her cousin having married a farmer, which, to her, seemed another name for drudge.

There is a pleasant river goes wandering through the southern portion of the Empire State, called the Susquehanna, and many a pleasant rural residence adorns its either bank. Here it was, in a tasteful home, with the mountains in the rear, to repel the attacks of the rude wind, and the running waters before, to lull with their murmuring, that Lucian Joy, the husband of Julia Wayland lived. Here had his father dwelt before him, and when that father passed away, he loved the spot too well to leave it. So he sought, and found a true and loving wife, and here, at the opening of my story, for three years they had dwelt; how happily, we shall learn hereafter.

We said Alice was an only child. It may seem superfluous to add, that she sometimes liked to have her own way. So in the matter of paying a visit to her cousin, she fixed her own programme, and carried it into effect. Wesley was to accompany her, but they should have no warning of her coming; she should not arrive there until night, and should enter alone. All this she did, and found herself in an apartment of which this is a faithful picture: a moderately large room with papered walls, and grained, and polished ceiling; curtains of snowy white, reaching just down to the well-kept carpet; a book-case, with its shelves well-filled, standing beside a melodeon with open cover; a stove with open grate, where the glowing coals were peeping through, and, (dropping the etceteras,) last, but not least, a sofa wheeled before the fire, whereon sat a lady with fingers busily engaged in knitting one of

those tiny red and white socks, which mothers know how to knit so well — a gentleman with open paper on his knee, and slippered feet upon the fender, and betwixt the two an infant, enjoying the infant's sweet slumber. And not alone upon the face of the babe was calm content mirrored, for those of its parents, as seen by the light of the lamp and the firelight's glow, bore the impress of happy thoughts.

It was the day following the eve of her introduction to Julia's rural home, that Alice, after having made a thorough inspection of the premises, and after having sought in vain for any marks of sadness or regret in her cousin's face, sat herself down by her side, and very demurely told her (Julia) that she would like as an especial favor, to hear the whole story of her courtship, marriage, and married life.

"It would be a long story, Allie, and more interesting to me than you."

"No! I want to hear it all, for, although I have read of 'love in a cottage,' I never believed in it much; so if your experience is different, please give it to me."

"Well, my experience, Allie, thus far, leads me to believe that 'true love' is confined to no place, but is the same in prison or palace; as for the history you wish, I will give you its outlines."

"The first time I ever saw Lucian, was about a year after your departure for C. . . ., when I came out here to pay old aunt Elsie — our great aunt, whom you have never seen — a visit. She is dead now, but she then lived in the house which you can see just through the trees yonder. You will laugh, Allie, and call it a made match; but after I was married, and settled down here quietly, it flashed into my mind that aunt Elsie had private plans of her own for the meeting of us two, when she sent for me to come and cheer her loneliness for a few weeks. She never told me

whether my conjectures were correct, but she always smiled when I asked her, and I needed no farther proof. But this is digression.

"It was December when I arrived here, and I expected to return home in time for the Christmas' festivities; but somehow Christmas' and New Year's both flew by, and found me still here. Aunt Elsie did not live alone; she had an adopted daughter who was married, and with her husband, staid with 'mother,' as they called her; but I had been here but a few days, ere she said I must be getting lonesome, and she would have a small party. If I had been 'stuck-up,' as the people of the country often remark about those of the city, I doubt whether I should have enjoyed myself so well as I did; but, although born and reared in a city, I had ever been but a caged bird there, beating vainly against fashion's bars, and longing for more freedom of speech and action, less glitter and affectation.

"I expect you'll captivate some young farmer, and come back engaged,' were my father's last words, when I left the city; and when that pleasant eve I found myself bidding 'good-evening' to a young farmer, with all the freedom of an old acquaintance, after having chatted earnestly with him for a full hour upon topics which many a city beau has but a superficial knowledge of; and, moreover, engaged to participate in a sleigh-ride of several miles during the coming week, to hear a popular lecturer—I will confess that his words seemed a trifle prophetic.

"Well, lecture night came, and as aunt Elsie had given me his history, (of course, I am speaking of Lucian,) and he seemed somewhat acquainted with mine, probably obtained through the same source, we were not nearly strangers. When the lecture commenced, I was surprised to find my companion transferring to paper, by aid of short hand, the gems of thought, and, although the fastidious might

complain of neglect, and say that was a reporter's business, I did not feel thus; for when an unusually nice point was presented, his eye would flash up to mine, with an appreciation which needed no words; and when, two days later, he called and left me the whole written in good, plain English, I was grateful for his kindness.

"I said I did not return home until after the holidays. There was to be a cheerful gathering at the house of Squire Benson, a short distance from here, and Lucy Benson, who had become a warm friend, urged me to stay, which I finally concluded to do, and then and there (it was Christmas' eve) it was arranged that there should be a grand sleigh-ride on New Year's day, to which I consented also to stay, and of this ride I shall speak more fully, because it proved somewhat romantic.

"There was considerable discussion as to whether we should go separately, or in company; but the latter way, as being the more social one, carried the day, and accordingly the gentlemen procured a spirited four-horse team from the nearest livery station, together with a driver, supposed to be trusty, and eight merry couples were soon stowed in the capacious robe-lined vehicle. Our destination was the pleasant E. . . ., and we tarried within its bounds until nightfall, and then started on the return, all in joyous spirits, dampened a trifle perhaps, by the hint which was passed around, that our driver had been taking a 'wee drop.'

"We had passed nearly over half the distance to be traversed, and were becoming somewhat silent, partly because it was chilly and dark, and partly because we were approaching a place called the 'Narrows,' where the road wound around a projecting mountain, with the steep snow-hill above, and the river far below, and seeming directly beneath, when suddenly there was a smothered cry from the driver, partly underneath the

sleigh, and in another moment, the mettled horses were seemingly flying along the path. A scream of terror burst from the ladies, the gentlemen started to their feet.

"'Lucian, can you save us?'"

"It was the voice of Lucy Benson, who had that faith in his strength of mind and body, which I have now.

"'I will try,' was his reply, and commending me to the care of another, he left me.

"I never knew before what agony meant, Allie. There was the fearful vision of our being hurled down the precipice into the cold waters. But for me there was a thought worse than this, that he, my noble friend, had gone to certain death, in trying to save our lives. Where had he gone? First, on to the driver's seat, then with a slide, down upon the shaft between the horses, then clinging to them, while the frightened brutes redoubled their exertions, he could be seen working his way toward their heads.

"'We are saved,' said a voice at my side, and in another moment, there was a quick turn, and fifteen of us lay in a snow bank at the roadside.

"'Is any one hurt?'"

"It was Lucian's voice, and his strong arms lifted me out of the snow, as if I were but a child.

"'No!' was the response.

"Then said the voice which had spoken the word 'saved,' 'Let's give three cheers for our brave benefactor, Lucian Joy.' And they were given, while tears of gratitude wet more than one cheek.

"It took but a few words to tell how he had succeeded in arresting the precipitate flight of the horses. When he had secured the reins, he dare not attempt to retrace his steps, and knowing that, with his perilous foothold, he could not stop them by fair means, he threw himself upon one of the horses, and grasping the near rein, he drew with his whole strength, and with the result which we have seen. You may ask why

we did not jump from the sleigh. I answer, we depended on him to save us, and his last words, as he leaped upon the foot-board, were, 'Do not jump unless I fail,' and we well knew that a leap at that fearful speed, would be perilous in the extreme.

"I suppose you will say that we were engaged ere I left for the city. We were not; but he asked and received permission to hold correspondence, and many a letter full of hope and love reached me the ensuing summer and autumn; many a pleasant hour I spent in inditing answers which were heartfelt. The sequel to that correspondence was, that when the New Year's bells were pealing again their joyous notes, I was taking upon me the vows which I love so dearly to fulfill.

"I think I can read your thoughts, Allie. You are still unconvinced that I am perfectly happy here, yea, and almost think if I am, I ought not to be. You think, although you do not say it, as you see me performing the office of cook in my plain gingham dress and check apron, that I was born for a better fate. Well, Allie, I will not attempt to change your views by argument, but will tell you of the first evening which we spent in this self-same room.

"We were seated before the bright fire, with no light save its own ruddy one to illuminate the walls, while the hands which were joined together when we stood at the altar, were still enclasped.

"'Lulu,' said he, (my husband, that is his pet name,) 'did you ever have a pleasant dream which afterward came to pass?'"

"'Not that I know of,' I replied. 'Have you?'"

"'Yes,' he said, 'I have been dreaming for years that somewhere, in the city or country, on mountain or in dale, no matter where, but somewhere, I should find a maiden whose love, warm and pure, gushing from a heart filled with aspirations after the good and true, should be all my own.'

I have dreamed that, in this room, clasped in this same fond embrace, I should hold to my heart, one who would prize worth above wealth, reason above fashion, affection above pride. Has my dream proved true?

"And I answered 'Yes, I trust it has, for my love is all your own, my aspirations are for the good, and true, and far, far above their counterparts do I prize worth, reason, and affection.'

"'Then, my own,' he replied, 'we shall be very happy here, for we will banish all distrust and fear, all envy and dissimulation, and above all things, we will shun separate interests, for these prove the ruin of peace in many a household.'

"I will not weary you with private conversation, cousin. The happiest hours of my life have been spent here in earnest converse with my noble husband; not in gossip upon our neighbors, their manners, looks, or equipage, but upon the duties and responsibilities of life—upon the beauty and harmony of nature, and Providence; upon the best means of being useful and happy, for these terms are synonymous; in short, we have looked upon the bright side of life, choosing the 'golden mean,' which the poet sings of, between the little and the great, and have found contentment and happiness therein. As for my husband's occupation, I will give you his reasons for choosing it, as he gave them to my brother:

"'I choose it, first, because it gives employment to both mind and body, thus ensuring health, which is necessary to our happiness and that of others; second, because above all other occupations, is the farmer a freeman. Not confined to a few feet square of his mother earth, with prying eyes watching his every movement from 'just over the way,' he whistles over his fertile acres with the consciousness in his breast that 'seed-time and harvest shall never fail,' and that 'as he sows, so he shall reap;' and when the day's work is ended, he can spend

his evening—not in the counting-room, with thoughts of gain and extravagant living for companions; not in the court-room, with criminals, witnesses, and curious idlers; not in the club-room, the billiard-room, or the theater, but just where a husband should be—at home. Then, above all, I choose it, because of its freedom from temptations. If I were a merchant, I should strive to be an honest one, and yet there would not be wanting those who would hint at misdealings; and at best I should be, what, in a word, all professional men are, a slave to the public. As for wealth, I do not prize it. The eager desire for wealth which many indulge in, seems to have for its object, the indulgence of idleness; and although, if this were accomplished, it would be a fearful result, (for our Maker never intended us to be idlers,) yet the contrary is the usual consummation of the eager strife, viz: more care and anxiety, more cringing to the tyrant 'fashion,' less time for moral and mental culture, and home enjoyments. I can wash the dust from my fingers, and wipe the moisture from my brow, and still be a man and a nobleman; but one dishonest transaction will stain the soul with a blot which water, ever so pure, can never remove; and the uncertainties of speculation will bring wrinkles upon the brow which will abide there ever. Then the conventionalities and customs which seem so necessary to be learned, I respect but little. There is a bitter satire in the 'Post,' contained in three words, 'Our best society.' Over these three words, stand two figures, one of a gentleman finely dressed, *minus the gentleman*, the other of a lady in similar circumstances. The moral is eloquent, namely, that fine clothes constitute our best society. Deliver me from the society of those whose lives call for such satire. Give me the roof of the cottage over my head, and if I long for a nobler, I will look up to that lofty one, where the diamonds sparkle eternally. Give

me the dress of the industrious, and if I covet a richer, I will hie me where the lilies grow, and study that beauty which Solomon could not rival; and last, and dearest, give me my trusted wife and prattling babe, and you may have your showy mistress and obsequious servants, your livery and tinsel, may have headaches by day, and your bad dreams by night, while I look from my pleasant nook, and laugh at the fashionable world, chasing the bubble vanity.'"

* * * * *

"Well, Allie, has Julia made a good match?"

"Yes, uncle Edward, she is happy as a queen."

CHEERFULNESS.

IS cheerfulness a virtue? As this is a question upon which the doctors of moral philosophy are said to disagree, I will not arrogate to myself the ability to decide it. I will say, however, that few of the moral virtues have a more powerful influence upon human happiness. In the domestic circle it is indispensable. Who ever knew a happy family where the countenances of the parents were perpetually overhung with clouds of gloom? Is it the husband and father who is the victim of this depression? His mind is harassed by his business affairs. All is not right about his farm, or his shop, or his store. His income has not equaled his expectations. He complains of his hired men, or his clerks; nor are "the boys" just what they should be. Thus the short time he is in the house, (too long, by half, for the comfort of the family,) is spent in murmurs and complaints. On his return from the labors of the day — such is the certainty of a repetition of the wonted annoyance — he seldom meets a hearty welcome. In fact, the man is a family tormentor. His own life is a cheerless one; and he makes all those around him unhappy.

Is the subject of this mental depression, the wife and mother? Her mind is weighed down with the ordinary domestic cares. Things are not right in the kitchen. Bridget is wasteful; or, at least, she is not so economical as she might be, and she sometimes makes mistakes in cookery. "The girls," too, come in for a share of her complaints; nor do her neighbors entirely escape. She imagines Mrs. A. . . . does not always treat her with due respect, and Mrs. B. . . . has not done exactly right. Thus she seems to be always coaxing trouble; and certain it is, she never fails to find it.

Now, I suppose such people really think their lot is a peculiarly hard one; and they seem almost to envy their more fortunate neighbors, whose enjoyment is read in their ever-cheerful faces. And yet, we find that these unhappy people have as faithful children and servants as their envied neighbors; that they are no less prosperous in business; and that they have equal *outward* means of enjoyment. Their principal misfortune is their melancholy temperament, which is to them a constant source of unhappiness, and spreads its infection throughout the domestic circle.

Cheerfulness also is *diffusive*. But how different are its effects! It not only makes its possessor happy, but communicates the same feeling to all within the sphere of its influence. Murmuring and repining are seldom or never heard. Cheerful conversation enlivens the circle, and every face wears the smile of contentment and joy. Happiness, it is true, is not without some alloy, even here; for all is not perfection in the best families. Yet, there is a striking contrast between the two classes of persons above described. Those of the one class "live and move" in sunshine, with only now and then a slight and transient obscuration; those of the other class make their weary way through the darkness of despondency and gloom, almost

"Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day."

Both these classes of persons are alike subject to losses and disappointments; but they are very differently affected by them. By the one class they are viewed as Divine dispensations, and unavoidable, as blessings in disguise; and hence they are endured with cheerful submission; by the other, they are charged to the want of forecast, or to the actual fault or delinquency of some particular persons, and are borne with a murmuring and complaining spirit.

But it may be said this depression of spirit is natural, or constitutional, and therefore unavoidable. I grant that some persons are *predisposed* to this disease of the mind; but I believe its marked developments are generally induced by giving undue license to the imagination; and it is certain that it is strengthened and confirmed by continued indulgence. As it seldom manifests itself in childhood, I infer that it is a *habit of the mind* — *acquired* — and not a necessary condition. There is no need of feeding gloomy apprehensions, by looking on the dark side of every picture — of *anticipating* evils, which, though possible, are highly improbable.

If, then, this dejection or melancholy, is a habit — the creature of indulgence, it is evident to my mind, that its opposite, cheerfulness, may be cultivated with success; that it is a state of mind which may be acquired by the use of proper means. It is not my purpose, nor do I deem it necessary, to give very minute directions for its acquisition. I will only remark in general terms, that if any of the readers of this article are afflicted with the disease I have been considering, they may, from an impartial examination, discover its pathology and the *remedy*. If they agree with me, they will begin by avoiding, as far as possible, the causes of disquietude. They will keep in mind, the fact, that disappointments are the common lot of humanity;

and that troubles and afflictions, of which none are entirely exempt, come not by chance; nor are they, in general, chargeable to our fellow-men. They will also make great allowance for the imperfections of others; and they will lay aside the glasses through which they have been wont to view human actions. The conduct of even the better portion of mankind, will not bear to be scanned through a medium which magnifies, or distorts, or discolours the objects of vision. Especially will they be charitable in construing the actions and motives of their every-day companions in the journey of life. They will labor assiduously to increase the happiness of every member of the circle in which they move; and they will find that these efforts have a reflex influence — that their endeavors to cheer others in the path of life, will have no slight agency in dissipating the dark clouds which have so long surrounded their own pathway, and made life almost intolerable. They will make the rest of their passage through this "vale of tears" with a buoyancy of spirit — a cheerfulness — to which they have hitherto been strangers; and they will moreover agree with me in the opinion before expressed, "that few of the moral virtues have a more powerful influence upon human happiness."

FLORA FLOYD.

ISABELLA TAYLOR.

BY E. A. SANDFORD.

ISABELLA Taylor was the impersonation of my ideal woman. In her were united, as I thought, all those good gifts and noble qualities which adorn the female mind and character. Nor was she wanting in personal charms. Her body was a fit temple for the indwelling of such a spirit.

When I first became acquainted with her, she was about twenty-five years of age — ten years my senior.

How much I admired her, how much I loved her, how much I wished that I might some day be more like her; that I might possess, in some small degree, that cultivation of mind, that power of imagination, and that nobleness and grace of carriage, which made her what she was. To equal her, was beyond the reach of my most sanguine hopes.

Isabella was an orphan — the only adopted child of an uncle. This uncle was an intelligent, affectionate, and scholarly man. As Providence had never blessed him with children, the wealth of his affections were lavished on this niece — the only child of a beloved sister. She was the pride of his life — almost the idol of his heart. She had taken her uncle's family name, and, as her mother's Christian name was Isabella, she was now called by her mother's maiden name, "Isabella Taylor." This made her seem still nearer to the heart of her uncle.

Mrs. Taylor was a very intelligent and aristocratic woman. She was sometimes thought to possess more power of intellect than strength of judgment, more native wit and shrewdness than cultivated wisdom. She was a lady who delighted — not so much in the useful, the beautiful, and the good, as in the rare, the far-fetched, and the famous. Like all of her sex, she had her weaknesses; but she was not without her excellencies. She was pleased with Isabella, her niece and adopted daughter. She was proud of her beauty and intelligence. In training this child, she was more actuated by motives of ambition, than by a desire to promote Isabella's permanent good. She sought more to make her the ornament and pride of the house, than to fit her for life's duties.

Mrs. Taylor had herself once been "the observed of all observers." As her beauty, sprightliness, and fascinations were beginning to wane, she desired to live her young life over again in the life of this daughter. She wished to be able to point to her, and

say, "Behold what my hand hath wrought." It is true, that we shall reap what we sow, if the soil on which the seed is scattered be fertile.

No pains were spared with Isabella's education. She was constantly under the tuition of instructors, the most capable of teaching her what it was desired that she should learn. At an early age she finished a course of study at a female seminary, quite famous for the unbounded facilities it affords for the education of young ladies, and returned to her home in the city. She was now introduced into society, where she moved with great credit to herself, to the institution of learning she had left, and to her doting mother.

Mrs. Taylor was pleased, but her ambitious desires were not quite satisfied. Isabella was beautiful, agreeable, and accomplished. But there were many such in the society in which she moved. As she lacked the sprightliness and wit which had once distinguished her adopted mother, she was not particularly noticeable.

Mrs. Taylor discovered that in place of brilliancy, Isabella possessed a depth of mind, which, if properly cultivated, might make her vastly superior to the mass of the ladies in the gay society in which she mingled. This, she thought, was a vein which might with advantage be worked. If it did not yield pure gold in quantities to be greatly valuable, it would surely serve as a gilding.

Isabella had done what many young ladies fail to do, in passing through our female seminaries. She had acquired a fondness for study. The taste of knowledge which she had there obtained, made her desirous of drinking a deeper draught. She did not, therefore, object to her mother's proposal to send her to a western college, where the course of study prescribed for the young ladies, is as full as that pursued by their brothers. Indeed, she was rather pleased with the prospect of spending several years in study.

In due time, she graduated, and returned home a thorough scholar, learned in all that the schools profess to teach. By this, we would not be understood to mean that thoroughness which is the result only of many years of patient study, and the discipline of thought—but that degree of proficiency which may be acquired at school.

Mr. Taylor had become wealthy. He had also become tired of business cares and anxieties. He wished to spend some time in recreation, to recover, if possible, his vigor of body and mind; and then he desired to retire to some quiet place where he might have leisure to enjoy the fruits of his labors. A journey to the old world had been the dream of his youth—the hope of his manhood. He now had abundant means at his command, and he might take the leisure to go and see the wonders of nature and art of which he had so often read and heard—might visit the places made famous by history, song, and story.

He accordingly arranged his business and went—his wife and daughter accompanying him. They visited at leisure the places where interest, fancy, or inclination led them, and returned to their native country, richly laden with stores of knowledge, on which they might feast in after years. How much the previous furniture of their minds was brightened, how much that was new was added, and how many grand, and beautiful, and rare objects adorned their memories' picture-gallery on which fancy might gaze until the "golden bowl was broken."

Isabella's education was now said to be "finished," and a finer specimen of womanhood could not well be found. Her eye had a brightness which can only be acquired by mental activity—a depth which is the result only of continuous thought and study. Her features had that peculiar delicacy of expression, which comes by entertaining pure, and no-

ble, and elevating thoughts. Her figure was naturally good, and she had that dignity of carriage, which results from an inward consciousness of worth. Her disposition was amiable—her moral and religious education had not been neglected; and she had been so much removed from her mother's influence, that she had not imbibed that pride of feeling, and those little selfish ambitions which tend to degrade what else were noble.

Mr. Taylor closed up his business in the city, and retired to a village pleasantly situated on one of those lakes, which give variety and beauty to the scenery of central New York. There he built him a beautiful residence, and lived in an almost princely style. His home was furnished with every comfort and luxury his heart could wish. He reckoned the presence of his gifted daughter, as not among the least of his adornings.

Mrs. Taylor's highest ambitions were satisfied. Her daughter was more gifted than she had dared to hope. She had intellectually gone even beyond her mother's powers of appreciation. Their home was now the constant resort of the wealthy, the fashionable, and the learned. As Mr. Taylor had abandoned his commercial business, he must needs employ himself in some way. His active mind could not abide a constant rest. He found it more fatiguing even than a press of business. Speculations were quite the rage. He now had leisure and capital. Why not, he thought, invest his money where it would, in a short time, increase ten-fold. It is true, he had enough for all his needs; but what man, what business man ever had enough to satisfy his wants?

He entered into speculation with that energy and interest of feeling with which he had previously pursued trade. He made several very important and fortunate ventures. It cost him little labor, and it served as a powerful stimulant to keep his energies awakened. There was an

excitement akin to that of the gaming-table—a lively pleasure he had not known in the more sure operations of trade.

Almost intoxicated with his successes, his judgment became weakened, and he began to manifest in his ventures, a degree of that recklessness which always accompanies an excited state of mind. He finally ventured his all upon a single throw, which promised great success, and lost. His house, his furniture, his all was sold, and he was left only the small pittance exempted by the law. He did not long survive this blow. A new grave was soon made in the cemetery by the lake, where his mortal remains now sleep.

Mrs. Taylor went to live with her brother, who owned a small farm in the west. May she glean a lesson from adversity, which prosperity with all its boasted privileges failed to teach. Isabella was now left alone. But she was not an object of commiseration to those who knew as little of life as myself. "She has friends," I thought. "She has health; she has learning. It will surely be a privilege for her to labor, and she can hardly fail to succeed." I did not then know that those friends would scatter at the approach of misfortune, as though its victims were affected with contagion—did not understand the difference between a theoretical and a practical education.

Isabella immediately offered her services as teacher in the village academy, and was accepted. She soon entered upon her duties. The school, for a time, received a double amount of patronage from ambitious mammas who were anxious to avail themselves of the opportunity to have their daughters instructed by so scholarly and lady-like a person as Miss Taylor.

Isabella was intellectually well qualified for her position. Practically it was with her a new and untried business of which she had never even thought. She loved to read and

to study; but she found, upon trial, that she did *not* love to teach. It was very stupid for her to review the elementary branches of study, in which there was nothing new or exciting; and to teach young ladies who did not seem at all inclined to learn. But necessity compelled her, and she labored on, heartless, hopeless, and despairing. This was the first labor of necessity she had ever performed—the first time she had ever been called to serve others. It is no wonder, then, that she thought it a hardship from which she would gladly have been excused. But there seemed no way of escape.

It was as a pupil in this school, that I first formed her acquaintance, although I had known her and admired her at a distance from the time of her first coming to live in our village. Her health began to decline under her new, and, as it appeared to her, arduous duties, and she abandoned the field in disgust. It was then proposed that she should give music lessons in private families, as she was known to be an excellent pianist. Here, too, she failed. Though she discoursed very learnedly on the science of music and the harmony of sounds, and performed many difficult pieces very skillfully on the piano, she had no genius for teaching the rudiments of the art. She could not endure the discordant sounds which young learners are sure to make. She had paid considerable attention to drawing and painting. Indeed, she was thought by some, to be quite a proficient in these arts. She had seen and studied the celebrated pictures of the old masters, and could talk as learnedly of their beauties and defects, as a connoisseur. Her ideal standard of excellence, was so much above any thing to which she could ever practically attain—so infinitely removed from the rude attempts of beginners, that their efforts seemed to her only to burlesque this almost divine art. She was pleased with studying this branch of the beautiful,

but she could not endure the task of guiding the untaught hand and unformed taste of young beginners.

My parents now offered Miss Taylor a home in their family, and such wages as she might need, on condition that she would spend a portion of each day in teaching their daughter; thinking that the influence of so sensible and well-educated a lady, could not fail to have a good effect upon her forming character. She gladly accepted the offer, and came to live with us. Her influence and example was truly almost all the instruction I received, but we all felt well paid for the little assistance we were able to render her. Her mind was well-stored with good ideas — well-furnished with true and beautiful thoughts; but, unfortunately, she was not practical. Like a miser, she had acquired valuable treasures, but was ignorant of their use. She had never been taught to be useful.

When she came to live with us, she was receiving the addresses of a very sensible and promising young man — a physician, who had been located in our town about two years, and had already gained a good amount of public confidence and patronage. He had known and admired Isabella in her prosperity, but he had not, until quite recently, dared to love her. He succeeded in winning her affections, and I rejoiced that her prospect of happiness was now so bright. She could hardly fail, I thought, to be very happy in the relation she was about to form, as I thought her well-qualified for the place she would be called to fill, and I believed the doctor to be worthy of her love. I had often heard her talk very sensibly of the duties and responsibilities of woman in the domestic relation as a wife, a mother, and a member of society, and of the enjoyments of a well-regulated home.

Shall I tell you, dear reader, that time proved that this, too, was with her all a theory? I wish that I need not; but it is true. She had no prac-

tical knowledge of housekeeping, and was wholly unprepared to meet the trials and duties of every-day life. Though she had her ideas of what a well-regulated home should be, she seemed not to possess the ability to reduce her theory to practice, as her domestic education had been entirely neglected. Though she possesses many accomplishments, and has acquired much knowledge of books and of the world, it might truly be said of her, "*One thing thou lackest*," that *practical knowledge* which comes only by educating the *hands*, and by an early formation of correct and useful habits.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

IN a former number of "THE HOME," I had a little friendly talk with its numerous readers upon the subject of Babies, and now the eye of imagination merges those babes into the higher stages of childhood and youth. And at these important periods of life, let us, mothers and friends, tarry and reflect.

How those objects of our affections have changed since then. Then they were in a state of helpless innocence, now what are they? They are just what we have helped to make them. Oh! mothers, what a thought. And now, while the subject is before us, let us make the inquiry: Have we daily taken them to the throne of grace, and there sought wisdom to guide them aright, or have we leaned upon our own understanding? Have we been more observant of the wants of the body, what they should eat and wherewith they should be clothed, than of the mind, wherewith shall it be fed and made productive of good? Have we ourselves been so deeply entranced in the fashions and gayeties of life, that we have been neglectful of home and home duties, rendering them irksome and distasteful? Have we been unmindful that these little scions of ours, were fast emerging into the full

grown tree? has the requisite bending, twisting, and pruning been forgotten? Have we been as deeply impressed with the importance of our mission as mothers as we ought? Have we remembered that we were molding and shaping subjects for eternity; that the future destiny of our nation depended most upon our youth; that the stations of influence and state by which our country is swayed and governed, will soon be occupied by our children? and who will say that the manner they fill those places of trust, whether for good or evil, does not depend much upon their early instructions? Had not the mother of our immortal Washington, much to do in molding the character of this great and good man, to whom, with others of like stamp, our country owes the liberty she now enjoys?

Our youth, and the future well-being of our country are intimately connected. Hence, the importance of their being of the right character and stamp. Let us be mindful then, that the character they imbibe from us, shall be such as will make the world better for their having lived in it. But, after making these inquiries, should we find our children not what we would have them, let us commence the work of reformation, beginning with ourselves first, abandon the world and its gayeties for a time, and in the little circle of home, make a wise and prayerful investigation of the matter, and, as far as is in our power, undo what we have so thoughtlessly and perhaps unwittingly done. If we have suffered to be implanted seeds of folly and dissipation, eradicate them if possible, ere they sprout and bring forth fruit.

But you who have preferred the society of home to the gay throng abroad, who have endeavored to make home pleasant and agreeable for your children, sharing their little joys and sorrows, attending to all their little wants with love and kindness, a keeper of all their little secrets, calling into action their powers of rea-

son and judgment from time to time, as their strength increases, commending, or reproving, encouraging, or admonishing, as the case requires, whose deportment has been kind and gentle, seeking at every step to drop some word of counsel and encouragement, I trust are amply compensated in the peaceful assurance of having discharged your duties, and the pleasing hope that you have in your home circle fair and promising buds, which the sunlight of home is fast ripening into useful characters, such as the world hereafter will delight to honor.

SUSAN E. WICKHAM.

A DAY OF SHOPPING.

FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF MRS. GAGE.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

IT was a brisk, cheerful day in the village of S. . . . The fine fall of snow came in lucky coincidence with a religious mass-meeting well-attended, with dinner-parties out of town, and surprise-parties in town; while pleasure-rides and business-rides, owing to the impulse of the "good time" already come, were being done up with as much speed as the driver's whip or the animal's disposition dictated. There you saw the half-fed, over-worked dray-horse, the sturdy, comfortable-looking farmer's team, and the prancing, impatient steed right from the careful hand of the hostler; between these were intermediate ranks, presenting every degree of comfort or misery among the equine species, and you are reminded of the words, "Unto him who is merciful to his beasts will I be merciful." Perhaps you are curious enough to wonder how many would obtain mercy on this ground alone.

That day was one crowded with events, and among its minor ones to the busy town, was the entrance of Mrs. Gage and family in her small, red, one-horse sleigh. There were herself, Andrew, a stout lad of twelve, Annie, a graceful girl of nine, and

been blessed with only a three years' experience of smiles and tears.

Where should Mrs. Gage direct Andrew to drive, but to the thronged store of "Dennis & Co.?" Their advertisements had gone abroad, headed "*Great Reductions to Meet the Times*," interspersed with various exclamations equally promising and equally enlarged.

Mrs. Gage felt a little awed as she entered the store, and a little hurt, as two gaudily-dressed ladies (?) brushed by her, with a bold gaze and a broad insinuation with reference to "later styles." Poor Johnnie, owing to his short stature, was unable to cope with crinoline circumference on either side, and was overthrown by the attack.

Mrs. Gage stood by the counter some time, but no one seemed to notice her.

There was Mrs. Warden, the fashionable new wife of Judge Warden, engrossing a large share of attention, for among clerks and creditors in general, the name of the Judge was but another synonym of money. At her right, was a young lady and her papa, the former aided by a tonguey clerk, endeavoring to disclose the virtues of a light fancy silk to the latter, who, at first, looked upon the affair with a kind of blank incredulity quite common to "papas" in such matters; but the daughter triumphed in that and many other purchases, as "the things were so cheap." Next was a gentleman, tall and fine-looking, leisurely turning over broadcloths and satins, and running up a heavy bill in his peculiar, unconcerned manner. At the other counter, two boarding-school misses were getting some boxes of water colors, a ream of commercial note paper, drawing paper, etc.

"Mother, he said the paints were a dollar a box, did n't he?" whispered Annie, as she stooped to arrange some part of Johnnie's dress.

"Yes, but never mind now," returned the mother, as she observed Annie's look of disappointment.

A little way from the school-girls, Johnnie, the baby brother, who had

was a blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked miss, carrying on a playful warfare of badinage over a box of kid gloves, with a carefully-dressed clerk opposite — he affirming with smiles and soft glances, that one dollar *was* the reduced price of Jouven's best kids, though one might readily observe that they were as much interested in each other as the proposed glove-trade.

At this point several ladies entered gayly, whercon a half-fledged clerk, bowing and smiling, hastened to serve them. His attentions, however, were unacknowledged, as the ladies, who were a committee of some benevolent enterprise, turned toward the desk, where Mr. D. . . . was making some entries in his ledger. Our young worthy was about retiring behind the counter rather crest-fallen, when a brother clerk touched his shoulder, giving a significant glance toward the door, and the audible whisper, "Mrs. Thompson;" so the door opened, and Mrs. Thompson was bowed in. Her heavy silk, rustling by two or three passers-out, brought up in the neighborhood of Mrs. Gage's family.

Mrs. Thompson gave another impetus to the silk-trade. Piece after piece was held up at admiring distance, and pronounced in turn, "Beautiful," "Splendid," "Charming," etc., as the official's memory chanced to be refreshed by the shop-keeper's vocabulary.

Mrs. Thompson wishing a little time to select her dress, and also one for each of her daughters, spoke to this effect, adding, "Do n't let me occupy too much of your time, sir; perhaps this lady would like to be waited on," said she, giving an introductory glance at Mrs. Gage, and making room for her at the counter.

"Oh! no hurry for that," said the clerk, opening another box of silks for inspection.

But Mrs. Thompson went into conversation with Mrs. Warden, and her attendant finally addressed himself to Mrs. Gage.

Mrs. Warden always had the opportunity of commending the good works of others oftener than her own, so, in keeping with the established rule, she said under her veil, "I'm really glad you've brought that poor woman into notice; she's been waiting here an hour, I should think."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Thompson, adding, "I like her face, don't you? only she looks anxious and careworn."

"Black ribbon on her bonnet — I presume she's a widow," said Mrs. Warden summarily, as she turned to answer the interrogative, "whether she would have seven or nine yards of the blue merino."

The wants of Mrs. Gage were of the humbler kind, and their payment depended upon the exchange of sundry articles, the results of home industry and home economy. There was the surplus of dried fruits, of stocking-yarn and worsteds; the latter wrought up into socks, or crotcheted into mittens, whose fancy-colored cuffs made them still more attractive.

"You buy butter, I suppose," said Mrs. Gage, among other preliminaries.

"Well, yes, when it's good, though we'd as soon have money."

"The firm have advertised for butter, have they not?"

"May be — some time ago," was the indifferent reply.

"Here's an advertisement dated only three days since," was the conclusive rejoinder.

"Well, we'll take it then at" said he, naming a price considerably below what was expected.

"Is that all you are paying?" queried Mrs. Gage.

"Yes," was the reply,

At this moment, Mrs. Thompson, who had just come from the opposite counter, innocently asked for how much they sold butter.

"First quality for" said the clerk.

"Butter's riz, hain't it, young

man," said Andrew, who stood by in hot blood at the treatment received by his mother.

"If the lady wishes to purchase, I am sure she would like my firkin — it's fresh and sweet," interposed Mrs. Gage.

"I *will* look at it, if you please; the last we bought, was of indifferent quality, and I feel quite particular about it," said she, partly addressing Mrs. Warden.

Eager to throw influence in the right direction, the clerk said imperatively to Andrew, "Boy, bring in that firkin from your sleigh."

Andrew stood a moment with a fixed, unmoved look, and the command was repeated.

"How long since that patch was laid out?" interrogated Andrew, pointing to the thinly-settled beard of the youth. But, at his mother's reproof, he checked himself, and brought in the firkin.

"Excellent!" said the ladies, as they tasted and tasted the butter, for which Mrs. Gage received the full price in money, Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Warden stipulating to receive alternately, what she should bring to market through the winter. Andrew then drove over to Mrs. Thompson's residence with her purchase.

Mr. Dennis came along with a pleasant air, and a "Good-morning, cousin," to Mrs. Warden, as that lady passed over to the window at the head of the opposite counter.

"Who is that clerk, William," said she, apparently examining a child's worsted jacket as she spoke.

"Oh! that's a new specimen I picked up a few days ago — business was pressing so hard."

"Well, he's half-abused that little woman who is looking at the calicoes," was Mrs. Warden's reply, as she gave a different position to the worsted jacket.

"I presume so; he hasn't seen enough of human nature yet," was the careless answer.

"Why don't you instruct him

then," she asked, somewhat earnestly.

"Pretty difficult branch to teach," said Mr. Dennis, laughing. "As you know, our deal is mostly with the ladies, and it's often we 'can't calculate,' as the widow Bedott said about the weather."

"But he ought to treat every one civilly, notwithstanding," was Mrs. Warden's reply.

"To be sure, he ought to know enough to see that it isn't all silk and satin that makes people; but some can't see this by tuition," said he, with some warmth. Resuming his mischievous look, he added, "It's all owing to you ladies, I suspect. These bows, smiles, and 'thank you's' from the fashionable, together with their purses, wield quite a power, and the old temper whispers, 'All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt worship me.'"

"Indeed! I'm quite a mind to be offended with the charge," said Mrs. Warden, donning a look of mock-indignation, "unless you'll do penance by waiting on the lady yourself, the best you know how."

"Your servant, madam," said he, bowing facetiously, and went at her suggestion.

Mr. Dennis was always affable and courteous to the less pretentious class of customers; a twenty years' experience in trade had successively repeated to his purse and intellect the old adage, 'All is not gold that glitters.'

So Mrs. Gage's little stock of home-manufactories were finally disposed of fairly, and her family wants supplied for the winter. Annie's knitting went toward a box of paints, some brushes, etc., at which they were looking when Mrs. Thompson came along to ask when she might expect some more butter.

"Ah! the firkin belongs to you, which I had forgotten," said she.

"No matter about it," replied Mrs. Gage.

"Then, if you please, I will keep

it, and give your daughter this box of paints in its stead."

"No, thank you, that will be too uneven an exchange."

"But I must insist upon it," said she, laying the money upon the counter, and with a parting bow, the stately Mrs. Thompson swept through the open door.

"Now, mother, can't I get a rose-wood frame for the last picture I painted," whispered Annie, with sparkling eyes; and those eyes won an affirmative answer.

Andrew, the rough and ready lad who feared nothing, had done his errands at the hardware, the shoemakers, etc., and they now made ready to depart for home. The bundles were deposited in the sleigh, (out of one peeped Johnnie's new, red dress—a cheerful omen of the things not seen,) the family seated, and the sorrel horse headed homeward.

Fourteen years before, Mr. and Mrs. Gage had commenced life on an humble but sure footing. They were industrious, prudent, and pious—qualities rather below par in the present currency 'tis true; nevertheless such banks will yet "come up" for "the shareholders," saith the charter, "even in the life that now is, shall receive a hundred fold."

Mrs. Gage was practically her husband's helpmeet. She regulated her family expenses by his income, aided his efforts, added facility to his purposes and strength to his influence. Hence their confidence was mutual; "John said so," was as good authority as Mrs. Gage wanted in temporal things, and "Susan thinks best," was quite apt to be a conclusive argument with him. Together they were among the yeomanry of our land, the bone and sinew of progress and prosperity—the toilers whose reward is with them.

It was with honest pride, that Mr. Gage, a month before the last payment for his farm became due, laid aside four hundred and seventy dollars, saying to his wife that "it

wanted only thirty dollars more to cancel the obligation. And that," said he, "will come in easily; Andrew's poultry can be laid ten dollars, and the apple contract will make up the rest. Brown is to get forty barrels within two weeks, and pay in cash, so he said yesterday."

"Out of debt! how happy I shall be; now, John, you won't have to work so hard, will you? You must go east too this winter, and see your mother, and I must have that promised silk dress, must n't I," said Mrs. Gage, and she gave the baby Johnnie three hearty kisses, by way of expressing the "good-will to men" uprisings of her grateful heart.

"Oh, yes! I remember that dress, it's been hanging on a promise some time, has n't it?" said Mr. Gage laughingly, as he twisted a curl of the baby's flax around his finger; "but," he added more seriously, "we have been prospered beyond my expectations. It's no small job to pay for a good farm, and have so little capital to start with; and now, that we can, I want to give Annie a better chance. She thinks so much of painting, and the teacher is so anxious about it."

Mrs. Gage's animated manner was the only reply, for at that moment, a neighbor came in hurriedly to speak with Mr. Gage. To sum up his errand, he had bought a horse for one hundred dollars, to be paid in one year, and wanted his friend's name attached to the note, as there would be no risk, and the favor conferred would be so great. After a little hesitancy, Mr. Gage complied, notwithstanding his old rule "never to sign."

The neighbor went out, and Mr. Gage resumed the subject of his future plans and wishes, talking more freely than was his custom. It seemed that a shadow of the death-wing flitted before in that hour. The fire burned low, the baby fell asleep in his mother's arms, and the other children had retired, while Mr. Gage still talked of the future, giving advisory plans and timely admonitions to his

wife, in case she "should be left alone." "I believe," said he, "that God calls for every man when his work is done, and I have felt lately he might call for me soon. 'Be ye ready,' sounds in my ear."

A shudder passed over Mrs. Gage, and her eyes filled with tears as she said, "Do n't talk so, John."

"The widow and fatherless are never forgotten," replied Mr. Gage, with emotion, as he trimmed the lights and arose to replenish the fire.

The last payment became due. A week previous, however, the sum carefully laid aside to meet the demand was broken in upon, to buy a coffin and a shroud, and Mrs. Gage, true to the suggestive prophecy, was left alone. Aye, the fashionable Mrs. Warden had rightly divined the language of the black ribbon and anxious face, for the word widow is a word of sorrow. In the character of Mrs. Gage, there was a feature of Spartan strength and courage — not the most prominent trait, but, like rich fruit hid by the foliage, it was not so apparent, till the winter of sorrow swept off the sheltering leaves.

Mrs. Gage met all the demands against her easily, till, in addition to the pressure of times, was presented the note to which Mr. Gage had appended his name. Mr. Morgan, the neighbor, had died also, and his affairs, coming into the hands of a reckless son, assumed quite another aspect. Older creditors than the horse-dealer had, through the executive, served attachments on every thing saleable, so Mrs. Gage must meet the unjust debt. It was done by dint of hard labor and close economy; and at the time of her introduction to Mr. Dennis' store, the few articles of export carried, was all the trading capital she could command.

But Mrs. Gage managed to outlive all the injuries received that day; the lad Andrew was somewhat vehement, declaring "they were a set of dolts, who could n't tell an honest man from a rogue; but he hoped

they 'd find out some day after making up a good bill to the latter; then he guessed they 'd see that wearing fine feathers, did n't pay debts." (Andrew had reached wiser conclusions in the study of human nature, than many older heads.) Johnnie was in high glee, sitting on the front seat, and holding "the whip for Andrew to drive." Annie was silent during the ride home, but her thoughts were busy; the red sleigh was, to her absorbed mind, a studio, and every thing tangible about her, accessories to the art. Painting had been Annie's favorite art ever since she could hold a pencil, her first efforts being to sketch a horse and paint him with dandelions — aside from the color, it would not, like the artist's cow, have needed labeling.

At the present time, one ideal from among many, claimed the foreground of Annie's imagination. It was this: when she became as noted as Miss Hosmer, or Rosa Bonheur, she would present Mrs. Thompson a painting executed in her best possible manner; the central figure should be a stately-looking woman, with an agreeable, benevolent expression — in fine, Mrs. Thompson herself, presenting to a timid little girl near her, a box of paints; the grateful appearance of the child, and the responsive, appreciating look of the giver should be drawn in happy contrast. And the dream filled her cup of happiness for the hour.

Reaching home, Mrs. Gage found her only brother, from another state, in waiting, who had come to offer her counsel, or any assistance she might need. Thus ended Mrs. Gage's day of shopping; like "Obidah the son of Abensina," she found "the journey of a day, a picture of human life."

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

IT should be borne in mind by parents and guardians, that the school-committee, when they visit and examine a school, do really visit

and examine the families represented there. They become acquainted, to a very great extent, with the habits, sentiments, system of instruction, government, and domestic life of those families. Fidelity to the interests of the schools, may compel us to report this information — to publish the errors and delinquencies of parents and guardians. If we should do so, some might say, "Not you, but the *roof* reviles." Very true. As individuals, we are silent. Our *position* speaks. And you *placed* us.

The troubles that constantly bubble up in some of the schools, are traced to the family, as streams to their sources. To cure the evil through remedies applied in the school-room, is impossible. A fountain is not purified by cleansing its streams. Children must be *accustomed* to a rigid discipline *at home*.

The parent's authority, by the law of nature, is absolute. Implicit submission to it should be demanded. If once you allow that authority to be successfully resisted, the consequences will be dark and terrible. "Goodness and severity" are the grand principles of God's government, and they must be adopted by parents, to secure the welfare of their offspring and domestic peace.

Very few children, if any, can be fully trusted. What the Germans call *untamed self-hood*, is a two fold element, manifesting in itself *hatred*, when the selfish desires of children are hindered; and in *lying*, especially in their self-justifications before parents and teachers. "Evil ventures not to be itself." Hence duplicity in speech and action.

Too much confidence is reposed in children. Bridles must be put into their mouths. Even then, they will drive, if they are not driven. The blindness of parents to the faults of *their own* children, is proverbial. Impatience with those of others, is equally proverbial. Lenity of supposition is the sin of parents, and the ruin of the young.

Let parents accustom their children to obedience; to stern accountability; to the idea of certain and just retribution at home, and the teacher will have no trouble. Instruments of punishment will then be as seldom used in the school-room, as they are now in the family. Let the thing be reversed. Let parents undertake the discipline of children. Teachers do not covet the privilege.

The frequent forfeiture of his word by the parent, and his readiness to forgive without a good reason, as the child well knows, weaken in that child's mind all sense of responsibility, and all reverence for justice.

It grows up under the fatal imposture as to the meaning of such words as law, subordination, penalty, etc. It comes to believe that teachers, rulers, and all in authority over them, and even Deity, will be as weak, and partial, and lenient, and as easily duped or evaded as parents.

In almost every example of juvenile delinquency the parents have been recreant in their trust. Said a woman to Philip, "If you have no time to do justice, you have no time to be a king." If parents have no time to be faithful to their children, they have no right to be parents. And they publish their own deep condemnation, when they send their offspring to school with outbreking habits of indolences, insolence, and insubordination. Remember, as looks and features indicate family origin, so speech and deportment betray parental habits, opinions, and example. On the play-ground, and in the school-room, children reproduce (perhaps reduplicate) the ways of thinking and of acting, common at home.

It is by no means, the object of public school instruction to form character, or to furnish principles of action and motives. The parent—not the teacher—the parent is the potter, having power over the lump. And the sound of his wheels must be heard within the house, or the clay will be marred. Yet still, a teacher of re-

finéd manners and broad culture, can finish and color what has been molded, when the home influences are congenial, true and good. Otherwise his task, like that of the daughters of Danaus, will be to fill everlasting sieves.

To sum up all. If you want to enfeeble the authority of a teacher, and render the most earnest and judicious efforts fruitless; if you want to break up all habits of order, punctuality, studiousness, energy, obedience, and reverence in your children, and foreclose all prospect of their future honor and usefulness, you can easily do so by sustaining their *ex parte* complaints; by condemning the rules and discipline of the school; by disparaging the labors of the teacher, and by neglecting home education and control.—*Boston Transcript*.

WELCOME TO FLOWERS.

BY MRS. JANE E. FOOTE.

A DARK April morning breaks in upon us, with now a cold gust, telling of snow and wintry winds, and anon a warm breath of air takes its place laden with many promises of future good. But no outside winds can chill the loving heart, and a dear little face comes peeping into our sitting-room, and then a shout and a laugh, and "Here, mamma, are some blue violets; take them; a nice 'bota' for you, dear mamma!"

But all manifestations of delight at the unexpected offering, quite so early in the season, are no doubt tame to the joyous spirit of "our darling" of five summers; for a sweet voice adds, in a more softened and winning way, "Are you glad, mamma, the violets have come? Oh! there are so many on the bank right by our house; do come and see them! I love God, don't you, mamma, for making the flowers grow."

Yes, dear one, we love the flowers. And though we fall far short of thy simple heartfelt tribute of thankfulness to God for these choice gifts, our heart feels the joy it can not tell.

Yes, wake to life, beautiful flowers.
We long for your cheering presence.
Your appearing tells of sunshine and
warmth; but it tells us more of an
infinite Heart, framed for the beauti-
ful, which in our weak conceptions of
His character, had scarce found a
place.

Who but the author of Love, could
conceive such mute loveliness, as
meets our eye in such happy succes-
sion, from the first unfolding petals
in our woods and fields, to the last
autumnal flower of our gardens?
They are friends that never deceive
or wrong us. To hearts warm and
full of love for their attractions, they
never utter harsh and chilling words
to grieve that love. No unkindness
ever repays our toil for them. We
love them, for from first to last, they
waken in our hearts only thoughts of
love and joy, for even a small meas-
ure of care bestowed upon them.
We love them, for they so gladden
the heart of childhood. And oh! to
how many a weary, stricken one,
have these "bright things" of earth
been the golden chain around the
heart, whose further link, held fast
by the throne of Him who once was
sad, telling of sympathy and love in
sorrow. Ah! have we ever really
thanked our heavenly Father for the
beautiful flowers?

THE WIDOW'S LAMENT.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. MARY BIRCH.

O, WHAT sorrow! O, what sorrow!
Who this crushing stroke can know?
Where's the language grief may borrow,
For a childless widow's woe?
Hopes and joys were clustered round me,
Strength and love were at my side,
All a husband's fondness crowned me —
All a mother's tender pride.

They have left me! they have left me!
They who made my pathway bright;
By one stroke hath death bereft me,—
Torn my loved ones from my sight;
Lone I sit with bitter weeping,
Where their gentle smiles I sought;
They beneath the green sward sleeping,
To my summons answer not.

He, upon whose strong arm leaning,
Late I breathed my bridal vow,
Taught me first chill sorrow's meaning,
When the death-damps marked his brow;
Blind with widowed grief they bore me,
From the dark grave's changeless gloom,
With the pall of sorrow o'er me,
To my boy's sweet cradle, home.

But my child, my child was drooping,
As if I were still too blest,
With a mother's joy of hoping,
Death insatiate claimed the rest;
Through the gloom my spirit crieth —
Crieth out in anguish wild,
At his father's side he lieth,
Gone, my husband, and my child.

Two short years from my young bridal,
That I deemed joy's fadeless dawn —
From my blushing flower-crowned bridal,
Two short years, and all are gone;
Fare ye well, I leave ye sleeping,
Where the forest shades are thrown,
While I go forth veiled and weeping,
To the world's drear tasks alone.

Grant me strength, my God — my Father,
For the burden thou has given;
Let me from these sorrows gather,
Light to guide me home to heaven;
That beyond the blue expansion,
Where diviner joys have birth,
In the Saviour's chosen mansion,
I may join the loved of earth.

H. E. A.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

BY REV. L. LOVEWELL.

OH! I am a farmer's daughter,
And my cottage home is small;
Yet how happy is this heart of mine,
Where no shadowy sorrows fall!
For I love my home most dearly,
And all its scenes around,
For nature meets me everywhere —
In all my walks she's found.

Yes, I am a farmer's daughter,
And I meet the proud and fair,
Who come out of the crowded town,
For a breath of country air;
Tho' they rudely treat me sometimes,
And toss their heads in scorn,
'Tis that they do not understand,
The home where I was born.

Tho' I am a farmer's daughter,
And my cheek, 'tis rather brown,
Yet I envy not those paler ones,
Of the close, unhealthy town;
'Tis the sun who sends his kisses,
Some million miles to me,
And tho' it browns my ruddy cheeks,
His face I love to see.

Tho' I am a farmer's daughter,
And in fashion take no part,
And the formal rules of city life,
Never froze my truthful heart;
Search not for greater happiness,
Than fills this lot of mine;
'Tis so derived from nature's self,
It seems almost divine.

For I am a farmer's daughter,
And the Lord will sure forgive,
If I pride me for the pleasant way,
And the home in which I live;
As in Eden, all is lovely,
Whichever way I roam,
For ancient woods and spreading fields
Surround my cottage home.

Yes, I am a farmer's daughter,
And my hand, 'tis plain to see,
Has been formed in sunshine and in toil,
As a farmer's girl should be;
I'm glad such hand of industry,
Your brainless fops despise,
For none but *man* of sense and worth,
Will ever win the prize.
KENSINGTON, MICH.

TO THE BLUE BELL.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MRS. MALTEY.

FAIR flower with swinging azure bells,
Thy bloom the sweetest story tells,
That ere was chimed to mortal ear,
By tinkling bells afar or near;
And thy low notes, so sad and sweet,
Sink deep into my heart, and meet
The song that mem'ry ever sings,
Of thy fresh bloom in other springs.

And then it swells a louder strain,
And as I catch the sweet refrain,
My soul stands still, and all alone
I live again in scenes by-gone;
Again my mother's gentle voice,
Bids our young anxious hearts rejoice;
She tells us stories, helps us play,
Until the rain-clouds break away.

And when old Sol's warm, loving ray,
Had kissed the rain-tears all away,
How glad we sought the wooded glen,
How wild and free our shouts were then;
When from its ever-swaying perch,
The wood-bird saw our merry search,
It only fluttered up more high,
And sang again as we passed by.

There comes, while gazing on thy flowers,
Amid this chime of by-gone hours,
A voice that bids me look to One,
Who gave me life's great race to run;
And when affliction's waves have beat,
With sullen roar around my feet,
Thy starry eyes have pointed mine,
To where bright Bethlehem's star doth shine.

And gazing thus, I *knew* that He
Who gave thee thy bright purity,
Who holds the ocean in His hand,
Who robes with flowers our own fair land,
Who pilots each star's fiery course,
Who guides each river from its source,
With tender care bent over me,
And blessing Him, I more loved thee.

NELLIE ECOR.

OUR IDOL.

Close the door lightly,
Bridle the breath,
Our little earth-angel
Is talking with death.
Gently he woos her,
She wishes to stay,
His arms are about her,
He bears her away!
Music comes floating
Down from the dome,
Angels are chanting
The sweet welcome home.
Come stricken weeper,
Come to the bed,
Gaze on the sleeper —
Our idol is dead!
Smooth out the ringlets,
Close the blue eye —
No wonder such beauty
Was claimed in the sky.
Cross the hands gently
O'er the white breast,
So like a child spirit
Strayed from the blest.
Bear her out softly,
This idol of ours,
Let her grave-slumber
Be 'mid the sweet flowers.

MERCY'S DREAM.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

(See Steel Plate.)

SHE is sleeping — worn and weary,
From life's toilsome paths she comes,
Where the clouds hang chill and dreary,
Over suffering's barren homes.
She hath sought them in the highways —
Heirs of grief and want hath sought,
In the narrow lanes and by-ways,
Where earth's brightness cometh not;
Where the cup of woe o'erfloweth,
Where gaunt misery croucheth low,
There her hand its blessings streweth,
There her gifts the needy know.
Still her holy watch she keepeth; —
Where the desert grants no meed,
Lo, she goeth forth and weepeth —
Goeth, bearing precious seed.

Weary sleep comes gently o'er her,
Fanned by heaven's ambrosial airs,

For its gates stand wide before her,
 Opened by the poor man's prayers.
 For no harvest bright she hopeth,
 Seeks but sorrow's tide to stay,
 But where on her couch she droopeth,
 There the angels watch alway.
 And upon her steals a vision,
 Like the dreams of Eden blest,
 She hath found the field's elysian,
 Where the weary yet shall rest.
 And the circlet Mercy weareth,
 Jeweled from the eternal throne,
 Bathed in light the spirit beareth;
 For her cross hath won the crown.

LEAVES FROM A LIFE HISTORY.

REVISED BY ANNIE DANFORTH.

NO wonder that I feel lonely. Hundreds of miles separate me from home and home friends. I see only strange faces, I hear only strange voices. For the first time, I know now what it is to be surrounded by throngs of people, and feel alone. Not even the furniture of my room has come to look familiar; and the young lady who sits opposite me at the table while I write, says as plainly as looks can say, that she is not exactly pleased with her room-mate. She has a kindly heart, I know; I have seen it beaming from her eye, and I have no fears but I shall yet find it. Angy, the others call her — she was introduced to me as Miss Harmon. There she is singing. Her notes ring out as clear, as triumphant, as melodious, as those of my favorite bobolink. On the whole, I like the appearance of things. We shall be a merry family I foresee. Already my heart turns with loving kindness to "sweet Lucy Milton," as Angy calls her.

Livy Price, the only remaining female boarder is, I suspect, a strange being. She looked a perfect blaze of defiance at me, when she introduced me to Mr. Cheney. Probably she is in love with him. I like his looks, though he is somewhat stately and dignified. The instant he turned his eye upon me, I thought of a flash of lightning. Mr. Alden, the second

gentleman, looks as demure and harmless as a mouse, which Mr. Willis does *not*. His face is aglow with the sunshine of good-nature. I like him, and so does Angy, I conclude.

There are seven of us, "just one too many," I heard Livy say to Willis. I am the "one too many," of course, but I mean to have my own fun. Lucy and Alden are too much alike, to be more than friends ever, but they seem devoted to each other at present. Angy and Willis just now are inseparable, but if I have gathered right data, they are both too much inclined to coquetry to fall very deeply in love. Cheney, I am not yet able to understand; Livy evidently *likes him*. Angy, who is a bit of a gossip, says she adores him, and she adds, that Cheney is far too good for Livy, or herself either; and yet, on the whole, she says she is half a mind to fall in love with him, just to show him that she dare. As for the gentleman himself, he bears himself right gallantly to all, and if I am not deceived, only seems to prefer Livy, because the other ladies are appropriated.

May 15. I am well started in my studies, and begin to feel quite at home. Angy is as bright and gay as a canary, and I love her just about as I should a pet bird. I do like Willis. He is gentlemanly and intelligent; and I have become deeply interested in young Alden. He is an orphan, and my heart has learned by the surest and bitterest of all lessons, to sympathize with him in that sorrow. He needs comfort, and advice, and petting, just like a young girl. Lucy darling Lucy, holds life by a brittle thread, I fear; but she seems nearly allied to angels. Alden seems to look upon her as something almost holy, as indeed she is. Willis does not appreciate her, I see. Livy is indeed a strange creature. Angy was out last evening, and she came to my room. "How do you like Cheney," she said, her first words after she had snapped out her good-evening.

"Much; he is decidedly agreeable," I answered, with a smile, and I tried to blush; but wickedness was at my heart.

She actually turned pale, and said with a sneer, "Perhaps you had better fall in love with him."

Angy says she is jealous of me. Heaven knows why; I have not spoken to him half a dozen times since I came here. I am afraid of her certainly.

May 20. We were out walking last night. Poor Lucy's cough was so bad she could n't go. I started out with Alden; Willis and Angy were together; Angy fluttering and gamboling, and Willis laughing and cheery as usual. Alden is always low-spirited, but at this time he was positively mum. I talked away as glibly as possible, and was just on the point of giving up in despair, when I heard Cheney calling me to look at what he termed a botanical curiosity; and as I examined the flower, he passed his hand through my arm, and kept me at his side during the rest of the walk. He does n't like Livy; he almost told me so. Poor girl! I am sorry. Why has he taught her to love him? Oh! how I hate the silly vanity that leads one to win the love of another, *only* for the winning. However, Mrs. Thomas, the lady with whom we board, says Cheney never gave her any reason to think he cared for her, indeed, she says, he has even repulsed her in every possible way. I doubt it. Heart not often leaps to heart, unless by word, or look, or tone, it gets signal that its coming will be welcome.

May 31. Alden and Cheney brought round horses last evening; Alden to ride with Lucy. I was reading by the window, when they came in. Cheney attempted to take my book, saying, as he did so, "Come, I heard you say you were fond of riding."

A look repulsed him, and I said, "Take Livy first, after, if there is any time, I will go."

He blushed absolutely scarlet, but five minutes after, I saw him dashing down the street with Livy by his

side. Livy rides fast, but she has a slovenly way of sitting. She never looks exactly right. Her collar is awry, or her head-dress misplaced, or her hair untidy. They were not gone more than half an hour, when they came back, and Cheney claimed a fulfillment of my promise. We started off briskly, and for some time, nothing particular was said. At length Cheney drew the rein, and turned his great speaking eye full upon me, as he said abruptly, "Miss Winchester, your humble servant is under no obligation, definite or indefinite, to Miss Olivia Price."

I blushed and said nothing, for I had nothing to say. He kept gazing at me as much as to say, "Come speak, I have spoken."

At length I said, "Well, what of that?"

He laughed out, "What of that, indeed! why, a certain lady as much as told me to-night that my duty lay in a certain direction. Now, it is neither my duty, nor my inclination, nor yet my privilege to pursue the path thus marked out for me. I shall therefore decline doing so."

I was really angry. "Well, sir, the ice is broken, and now I shall say what I please. If you mean to tell me that you shall withdraw your attentions from Miss Price, you must allow me to advise you to proceed to that lady at once, and inform her of the fact, and not come to me, who am almost a stranger to you both, with information which does not in the least concern me, farther than that I do consider it my privilege to resent this wicked and selfish trifling."

"Pardon me, if I venture to say that you are somewhat hasty in your conclusions, Miss Winchester. That which has never been given, can never be withdrawn. I shall not deny the implied charge to coquetry. One who would stoop to trifling, would not be obliged to stoop to deny it."

I made a movement to return, and we rode rapidly back.

"Are we at warfare," he said, in a

low, sweet tone, peculiarly his own, as he assisted me to dismount. "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, betwixt thee and me."

My first impulse was to answer that I believed him truthful and honorable, but I obeyed another, and with only a good-night, ran up the walk to the door. I am sure I can not tell why, but I feel a little mortified at the memory of the whole affair. The truth is, there is something about the man, that makes you respect him, in spite of circumstances. By the way, agreeable as Willis is, he seems to be rather unprincipled. He seems careless too, sometimes, of others' feelings, and jests in a way quite reprehensible, when religious matters are spoken of.

July 1. I always thought I despised coquetry, but now there is no denying that I am deep in a flirtation with Willis. Angy has got a new beau, and Willis was left quite in the lurch, and as a matter of benevolence, I have taken him up. I can not say that his splendid span of "greys," and nice little rockaway, have nothing to do with my admiration for him, for I am very fond of carriage-riding, and it is pleasant to see always at your side, a face so bright and sunshiny as his. From what I know of him, I should say he is not a man to be trusted for life; but so long as he preserves his gentlemanly bearing to me, and we both know it is only a flirtation, I think we shall only have a merry time. Cheney looks at me in amazement sometimes. There is that which is truly noble in his ideas of manly honor and his evident piety. The more I see of them both, the more fully I exculpate him from all blame in the matters relating to Livy. Yesterday he took occasion to reprove me for my too great exuberance of spirits, and for the first time, since I remember, I bore a reproof without feeling angry. There is more in him to admire, than in a dozen like Willis. Alden seems to look up to him as a kind of father.

Aug. 20. More than a month again since I have seen my journal. Three weeks of the time, Willis has been away. Business called him, and our flirtation was, for the time being, brought to an abrupt close. Lucy is feeble and failing, and Alden, who, by the way, is studying for the ministry, reads, talks, and sings with her, takes her out riding and walking, so that I see little of them, except that now I spend most of my nights in Lucy's room, that I may attend to any of her little wants. Angy, out of study-hours, has no thoughts for any body but her new admirer, and Livy has been called home, to take care of an insane sister. So I am left to the necessity of hearing Cheney talk sense, and of doing what I can to return the compliment. A conversation something like this, occurred between Mr. Cheney and myself last evening, after a portentous silence of at least an hour.

"Miss Winchester, when does Mr. Willis design again lending us the light of his countenance?"

"Am I my brother's keeper? I can not tell."

"Because you will not then. You are, of course, advised of his future outgoings and incomings, so far as he foresees them."

"Very well, then. He will be here to-morrow evening. Why do you ask?"

"For the same reason that most people ask questions. Because I wish to know. Pardon me, Fannie," said he, suddenly changing his manner, and assuming one entirely new to me, "pardon me. It is an awkward thing for one gentleman to warn a lady against another; but although I know that your acquaintance with Mr. Willis has been pleasant and somewhat intimate, and, although I know also, that I shall get no thanks for what I am going to say, yet I have determined to tell you that you are deceived in him. If you knew him, you could not admire him; at least, if I know you, you would not."

I sprang to my feet with a feeling of anger, for which I could not at first account, and would have left the room. Cheney put one hand upon the door-knob, and with the other he detained me.

"Miss Winchester, I would not willingly give you pain, much less willingly render myself disagreeable to you; but you must hear me now, and if you desire it, I will be here-after silent. Willis is agreeable, and has a kindly heart, but it has gone wholly wrong. He is reckless and unprincipled, and worse than all, an infidel. There, I have made you hate me, but if I had known you would have killed me, I would have said it. Not that I would injure him, God is my witness, but that if it were in my power, I would save you."

He opened the door and let me pass, and although I half turned round to speak, he shut it after me. Frightened, angry, almost faint, I hastened to my room. It was long after midnight, before I had fully analyzed my feelings, and attained any thing like my wonted calmness. Angry was away. How thankful I was to be alone. I do not admire Willis, and mortification that I should have appeared to do so, was not the least cause of my vexation. I *do* know him, and Cheney only did him justice when he said that he was kind-hearted; but reckless and unprincipled Kind-hearted! ah! I doubt if that is not too lenient. I believe he would trample and crush beneath his feet the hopes and prospects of any who stood in the way of the accomplishment of his own ambitious ends. I know likewise, that my influence has been doing nothing to make him better. Probably then, from an evident law of mind, I must be somewhat degraded by his society. Cheney has undoubtedly perceived this, and no wonder, with his self-sacrificing, exalted view of right, he has felt it his duty to warn me. At heart, I am far from a determined coquette; but alas! for me that

"Evil is wrought by a want of thought,
As well as a want of heart."

Still, if I had not known that Willis did not care a straw for me, only as I cared for him, just for the pleasure of cheerful and somewhat gay society, I am sure I should never have suffered this flirtation. Dear Lucy always thinks calmly and dispassionately, and I could not rest until I went to her. I found her sitting in her easy-chair by the fire, although the clock was striking one. She was suffering from nervous restlessness, she said, and was glad of a talk.

When I had told her all, she surprised me by a violent fit of weeping. "Oh, Fannie!" she said at length, "how glad I am to find that you really do not love Willis. My heart has ached for you, but unlike your true friend Cheney, I had not dared to speak."

How like a fool I have been acting. Well, I am glad I am brought to my senses at last.

Aug. 22. Instead of Willis, a letter came last night, saying that his stay would be protracted another month. How glad I was. I waited with my book in the drawing-room until eight in the evening, hoping Cheney would come in; but I heard him go directly to his room from the street. At breakfast, this morning, I felt no desire to eat, and Mrs. Thomas seemed really to think that the letter of the night before, had something to do with my loss of appetite. She rallied me, and when I answered with a great effort in my usual gay manners, Mr. Cheney for the first time looked up. If he did not divine the thoughts which were in my mind, he is not an apt reader, for I was too much confused to attempt to conceal them. Mrs. Thomas looked from one to the other, with an expression of astonishment on her motherly, benevolent countenance, and Lucy added to my confusion in attempting to apologize, by referring to my sleepless night. In desperation I begged to be excused, and left the

room. Livy is back again to-day. She has taken a new freak, and seems to dislike Cheney, as much as she before seemed to like him. She is kind enough to me, when I maintain toward her a certain dignity; but as soon as I attempt to approach her with any thing like familiarity, she rebounds like an india-rubber ball, or goes off in a tangent. She is a mystery to me yet.

Sept. 15. Three weeks, and yet Willis delays his coming. It was several days after our conversation in the parlor, before I could get an opportunity to say a word to Cheney alone. When I did, I detained him almost as forcibly as he had before detained me. The moment there was any prospect of our being alone, he would hasten to leave the room.

At last, one evening, just as all were about retiring, I begged him in a whisper to wait one moment, while I brought a picture which I had just finished, for him to pass judgment upon. It was my first attempt at a design. He criticised it unmercifully, especially the coloring. Here the shades were too bright, there they were too dark. At length I took it from him, and he rose with a "good-evening." I placed myself before him, "Mr. Cheney, you said not long since, that I should hear you; now, though you seem determined to avoid it, you shall hear me. You must sit down and listen patiently."

He obeyed reluctantly.

"I do not hate you for what you said the other evening. I thank you for it."

My voice trembled, but I forced myself to speak, and went on to tell him freely of my shame at my thoughtless coquetry, and to explain just how and why I had liked Willis, and to assure him that I had no sympathy with the faults and weaknesses of his character; and I also spoke of my regrets that I should not have used my influence to lead him into the quiet paths of mortal rectitude. "Alas! so far I have walked through

life, too careless where I trod." My auditor forgot his haste to leave the room, and what words passed between us at length, are too precious, too sacred, and too deeply locked in my own heart, for even you, dear journal, to listen to them. But I will tell you this. The world looks brighter to me than ever noon-day sun made it look before, and my heart sings a gayer, blither song than ever Angy, or canary, robin or thrush gave voice to. No hour seems wearisome, no burden heavy now. But there is one thing. I know from whom every good gift comes, and when I would pour out my soul in grateful prayer, my heart will stop far short of the throne to do homage, though to the best, yet to one of earthly mold. Is not this idolatry? God forgive me!

Sept. 20. Well, Willis came last night. It had been the warmest day of the season, and I had felt listless and idle all day. Cheney, who is very fond of music, asked me to play and sing. I really could not rouse myself enough to sing, even for Cheney, and I begged to be excused. He was as usual considerate, and satisfied himself by reading aloud to me. I was vexed and chagrined that he selected the very book that I had the same evening told him I considered intolerably dull; and to revenge myself, I yawned, and leaned my head upon my hand. Just as he began to suspect that I courted Morpheus more effectually than he had courted my attention to his hateful book, the evening coach stopped at the door, and there was Willis. Angy had made the discovery at the same moment, and came running in to announce the arrival. We both ran down the walk to greet him, and before I knew what he was about to do, he had not only kissed me on one cheek, but upon both. But, inasmuch as he performed the same operation for Angy, and afterward, when Livy came in, greeted her in the same manner, I suppose it could not have been that which made Cheney look so sober when he came in. Willis

seemed so glad to be home again, and looked so gay and sunny, and the sight of his bright face recalled so many happy hours, that I entirely forgot my weariness. We laughed and chatted, until Cheney reminded me that I must be very tired, as in the early part of the evening I had felt unable to sing, and called my attention to the lateness of the hour, when Angy and I took the hint, and went off to our room. Willis brought me several presents, among them a beautiful fan. I am really so unsophisticated as not to know whether I ought to receive them or not. I begged not to accept the ring and fan, but he pressed them upon me, and just that moment, I heard Cheney in the hall, so I caught them from his hand, and left the room by an opposite door, just in time to escape a reproving look, if not word; not, however, until Willis had made me promise to meet him in the drawing-room the following afternoon. He has a book he wishes to read to me.

Sept. 22. I went with my embroidery according to promise, prepared to sew and listen, and Willis came in immediately with his book. I was surprised and sorry to find that it was "Paine's Age of Reason." I remonstrated, but he laughed at what he termed my superstitious notions, and only asked that I would listen to a few paragraphs. By degrees, I grew interested in the artful and graceful style of the argument. I laid aside my work, and as he went on with page after page, I sat in silent, eager, rapt attention. Cheney came quietly in, and seated himself by my side. It was not until the teabell rung, that I became aware how absorbed I had been.

As we were passing out to tea, Mr. Cheney said, in a low tone, "May I presume to ask the favor of Miss Winchester's company for a short time this evening?"

I was annoyed by his manners, but my heart bounded with delight in an-

ticipation of another of those tete-a-tetes, which are doing so much to make my life a blessing. The ride was delightful, and Cheney was himself.

Just as we were coming home, he took occasion, in the kindest manner possible, to request me not to listen again to the dangerous book Willis was reading. "And Fannie, dear," said he, "you will be careful how you treat him, will you not. I am a good deal inclined to be jealous of him, I think," he added gayly.

I could have cried, that he should think it necessary to warn me again, after what had passed between us, and I am a little doubtful how he interpreted my silence. He is somewhat exacting I see, and I am unable to make him entirely understand me. Himself always self-possessed, governed in every act and word of his life by settled and earnest principle, he has no charity for the thoughtless sins and misdemeanors into which I am constantly being betrayed. Ah, me! I would do any thing to please him; but I see how it is, I shall all my life be doing something to annoy or displease him.

Oct. 9. Father in heaven, sweep from over me this dark cloud that is so slowly but surely overshadowing me. The skies that shone but now with such unwonted splendor, are gathering darkness. I know that no hand but my own has done this, and yet my soul is, as it were, maddened. Even now, I might, had I any skill, any strength of purpose, pluck up the thorns from beneath my feet, but I have been all along weak and irresolute. I can not account for the strange impulse, which seems to control me whenever I meet Cheney in the presence of others. Once alone with him, and I am wholly myself. Ah! those are happy hours when I sit by his side, and speak softly of my own hopes and fears, and of my joys and sorrows, and sometimes of my faith and trust in him, and of the love that is growing stronger and stronger in

my heart. But in an hour after Willis comes, some evil spirit seems to get possession of my words and actions. I say and do the strangest things, without ever noticing the look of pained entreaty which always meets me when I turn toward Cheney. Nothing, Heaven knows, is farther from my heart, than the shadow of a desire to give that true heart pain; but somehow, I can not bear to let the others guess my secret. To me it seems too holy and sacred a thing to be given by word, or look, or sign, to the keeping of any but ourselves. Neither Angy or Livy seem to have any suspicion of the true state of affairs, and Willis evidently is entirely blind. Angy said to me yesterday, in her usual merry manner, "I really believe Cheney is beginning to fall in love with you. Hadn't you better encourage him a little? Willis has been constant a long time for him."

I felt no disposition to undeceive her, and in the evening flirted more than ever with Willis, and was more distant and silent toward Cheney. He looked grieved, then angry, and I finally felt angry with him. Why will he persist in misunderstanding me? why will he not see that to him I show my true character, to the others only an assumed outside. Livy followed me to my room, whither I went before any one else left the parlor. She entered without knocking, threw herself upon the sofa, and covered her face with her hands. I do not wish to have the girls formal with me; but Livy's strange ways irritate me, and I said tartly, "To what am I indebted for this call at so unreasonable an hour?"

"I came in, because I wish to say something to you alone. Will you listen now?"

"If what you say is important; go on."

"It is the fashion you know to get married. Are you engaged?"

"Livy! I am surprised that you should ask that question."

"Are you engaged? I ask again. Nevertheless. I do not mean to Willis. You would no more marry that flirt and coxcomb, than Cheney would marry me. But were you engaged before you came here?"

"I will not tell you. Why do you ask?"

"What if it is because I wish to tell you, that you can never marry Kenneth Cheney?"

In spite of myself, I started, and I was turning pale. She laughed a little—a low, hateful laugh. She was guessing my secret. She tried again.

"Would it be any satisfaction to you, to know that Mr. Cheney's obligations to me, are such that he can not honorably make you his wife?"

This time she overreached herself, and before she had finished, I had regained my self-possession, and she saw she was checkmated.

She started to her feet, and came and stood before me. "Fannie Winchester, are you a fool? have you lost your reason? Few men live on earth, like that same Kenneth Cheney, and you know not what you do, when you drive that true heart from you. That true and noble heart, that you might make your own, but for your foolish coquetry. The day will come, let me tell you, when you will repent, in dust and ashes, of your insane folly. You dare not deny that you love him."

Again I was excited, and without appearing to notice her finishing sentence, I said, "If you think him so very worthy, why do n't you try your own skill. The dice you throw, may turn up successful."

A moment after, how I longed to recall the unkind insinuation.

She had all along been pale. Her countenance grew livid. "Girl! I would sell my soul to buy your power. It is no chance throw will win that man." She sank slowly upon a chair, and burst into tears. At length she spoke again, "Yes, I love him. Despise my weakness if you will, but I *do* love him. I laid

my heart and soul an unmasked oblation before him, and he never, by word or look, took notice of the sacrifice. I knew as well as he did, that it was not worth receiving, but it was my all, and I freely gave it, hoping to buy back at least, some token of affection. But he never even liked me. He was always kind and gentle, as he could no more help being, than I could help loving him for it. And for this, because he did for me what he would have done to any beggar or dog in the street, I gave him my whole heart. He never asked for it, never sought it, but I gave it, and I thank Heaven that I have once loved something good and worthy. It is the one bright spot in the dark history of my wayward past."

When she finished, I was weeping in the sympathy of my heart for her sorrow. Poor girl! poor girl! Hers has been a wasted, *wasted*, and as she says, a wayward life. She kissed me, and she was gone.

I sought her out, and tried to comfort her; but her face already wore the old hard, cold look, and she laughed at my attempt. "I am not one of the sort to die of a broken heart," she said. "Save your tears for those who need them."

Nov. 21. Well, the dream, the mad delusion is over. Cheney is not changed. He is still the same true and noble worthy man he was. I am not changed, at least, not much as yet. I am the same reckless, weak, foolish, but trusting and loving creature that I was. But, oh! how is every thing changed around. He foresees, he says, that we can not make each other happy, and it is better we should part. I meet him every day, speak calmly to and of him. I even sit by his side, and listen to his voice, and answer back with one as firm and steady as his own. Those who look on, would never dream that the threads of our lives had, for a few weeks been woven in the same woof, then torn asunder. Even he is saying to himself, indeed, he has said

to me, that he rejoices to find that he has been deceived in me since we are to part. "For," said he, "it would kill me to see you suffer, as you certainly must, had you felt as I once hoped you felt."

Once hoped! God help me! I can now sit down and write his name, Cheney — Kenneth Cheney, and my hand does not tremble. There, I hear his voice now, and my heart does not even flutter; and yet * * * *

This part of Fannie Winchester's journal was never complete. Ah! Kenneth Cheney, you had never had a glimpse of the heart you strangely misjudged. You never dreamed of the rich treasure of earnest love that lay a free-will offering at your feet. You never knew of the wakeful nights, darkened days, and hopeless anguish that roused that heart, unsubdued as it was, to sinful defiance, and led it on to wild misanthropy, and almost to blasphemy. It was well that you did not, for the storm in your own heart, was too chilly and boisterous, and it needed the safeguard of a strong mind, and of the trusting faith in Heaven, which was yours, to keep you walking the straight, forward path of patient endurance.

It was as she had said. It was over. But it was no dream, no delusion. It was a volume in the history of each that had been lived and had thus become a reality, brightened in its passing by glowing, beautiful light, but shaded now by a darkness which might be felt. One little misdeed after another on one side, one little misunderstanding after another on the other side, had so let fall their shadow between them, that their paths had wandered finally widely separate. For a few weeks there was no change in the outward circumstances of either. They slept beneath the same roof, ate at the same table, and even talked and laughed cheerily at the evening-gatherings in the parlor, each with a masked and aching heart, and then Fannie was needed at what was for the present her home.

To the house of an aged uncle she went. The carriage was at the door, and she had said good-by to darling Lucy. A sad good-by indeed, for Lucy was tottering close upon the brink of the grave. Good-by to Angy, gay, careless, happy Angy! and good-by to Livy. Alden was going with her, and Willis was already away. Oh! if he had only gone a few weeks sooner. And now she stood with her veil drawn closely over her face, and with hand extended, waiting for a last word with Cheney. From whence should she gather the strength to grasp his hand, and keep her own from trembling? If she might, but be spared this. But no! So far the lookers-on had only seen the outside, it must be so still.

He was at her side now, and her hand in his. "God bless you, Fannie, beloved!"

The words she struggled so to speak, would not come, and he could never know the wild yearning in her heart for one word of hope and trust.

"God forgive you," he whispered again, "and make you happy. Go! go!"

With a wild cry of anguish in her heart, but silence on her lips, and with tears scalding her brain that would not start from her eyes, she obeyed, and the darkness settled down, thick and heavy close around her.

(To be continued.)

ONLY IN THE FAMILY.

"OH! it is only in the family," replied Mrs. L. . . . to a gentle admonition, which I had taken the freedom to administer to her for some improper language used in presence of several members of the family. She offered not a word in direct justification, but attempted to palliate her fault by the remark above cited. As if she had said, "I admit it was an unguarded expression; but it is not so much to be regretted, as it

was only in the family." This remark of my friend, made at the time, no slight impression upon my mind; and the thousand things which I have since seen and heard, have so deepened the impression, that it can never be effaced.

How grievous the mistake of those, who think it a matter of indifference what is said and done within doors, if it only remains concealed from common observation. Under this erroneous supposition, persons often do in the family, what they would instinctively shrink from in the presence of strangers. Persons thus careless of their carriage in the seclusion of the family circle, may, for a time, maintain a respectable standing in society; but they greatly misjudge, if they suppose this out-door esteem can compensate for the loss of the good opinion of the little circle within. The usefulness and happiness of every person, depend very much upon the estimation in which he is held by the community in which he lives and moves, but more, as I think, upon the esteem of the few who compose the private circle to which he belongs. Practically, however, it may not be necessary to know whether our private, or our public character is the more important, since both should be the object of our endeavors, and since, in most cases, those who share most largely in the regard of those with whom they have constant private intercourse, attain also the highest public appreciation; for, notwithstanding the utmost caution, the private deportment of most persons will, sooner or later, come to the public knowledge.

Our influence for good or evil upon those with whom we are most familiar, is not only powerful and lasting, but *diffusive*. The formation of character begins with the infant in his cradle — with the earliest dawn of intelligence. The molding agency of our words and actions, is then and there visible, and becomes more and more manifest, until the character of

the man or woman is established. But our influence does not stop here. Those who have been trained by us, now commence themselves the work of training; and the character of their offspring will be cast in the same mold. Thus the forming process goes on, in geometrical progression, from generation to generation, extending to a countless number of descendants! Let us now suppose our influence in our families to have been evil, and we see the legitimate result of a feeling which often prompts the expression, "It is only in the family."

Nor is this sentiment less to be deprecated, when we consider its direct effect upon domestic enjoyment. The happiness of a family is generally in proportion to the strength of the affection which exists among its members. But how often is the strongest conjugal affection weakened, or wholly estranged, by the habits of a surly, an austere, a passionate husband, or a fretful, peevish, scolding wife? The marriage relation is generally formed under the impulses of a warm, glowing love; and the happiness of both parties is felt to be almost complete. But with many, the honeymoon has scarcely passed, before the affections begin to wane. Improper conduct, and indiscreet language, which would be repressed in the presence of strangers, are freely indulged in, because it is "all in the family." By the repetition of such language and behavior, they soon forfeit each other's good opinion; and with the loss of mutual esteem, is the loss of that original affection which constituted the very essence of their enjoyment. This result is inevitable. It is impossible, in the nature of things, to love, in the highest degree, those whose conduct we disapprove and condemn. Indeed, I will not say that we are *bound* to love any person, otherwise than to make him an object of our good-will, any further than by his good qualities and amiable deportment, he commends himself to our esteem. I see no good reason

for regarding with *complacency* a vile fellow, with whom we may happen to have a family relation. I am aware—and it seems to be wisely so ordained—that the appreciation of character is not so easily lost, or, in other words, the defects of character are more readily overlooked among members of the same family; and we have observed many instances in which, fortunately, primitive love, amidst the most powerful causes of estrangement, was never utterly extinguished. Still, it will be found generally true, that, in proportion to the respect which a person, by a correct demeanor, gains among the members of his household, will be the strength of mutual affection, and the measure of his own and their enjoyment.

How circumspect, then, in their daily deportment, ought the several members of every family to be, and *because* "it is in the family," the tongue and the temper should be doubly guarded. It is the license given to these, that, more than any other cause, produces domestic discord and alienation. Therefore, let it be the aim of each member of every social circle to secure, by all proper means, the esteem of every other member. And let the sentiment be indelibly impressed upon the mind of every reader, that, in respect to our domestic felicity, *character is every thing, especially "in the family."*

ALPHA.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE A MYTHE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY MARY A. CRYSLER.

NAPOLEON Bonaparte, of whom so much has been said and written, has never lived, but is an allegorical personage. He is the Sun personified; and our assertion will be proved, if we show that all that has been published of Napoleon the Great, is borrowed from this great

luminary. Let us look briefly to what has been said of this marvellous man.

We are told, then, that this man was called Napoleon Bonaparte; that he was born on an island in the Mediterranean; that his mother's name was Letitia; that he had three sisters and four brothers, three of whom were kings; that he had two wives, one of whom bore him a son; that he put an end to a great revolution; that he had under him sixteen marshals of his empire, twelve of whom were in active service; that he triumphed in the south and succumbed in the north; that, finally, after a reign of twelve years, which he commenced in the east, he closed his career in the western ocean. The rest we know; and these different peculiarities are proved of the sun, as we trust all those readers will be convinced, who will bear with us to the end.

To begin then, all the world knows that the sun is called Apollo by the poets. Now, the difference between Apollo and Napoleon is not great, and it appears still less, when we examine the signification of these names and their origin. It is certain, that Apollo signifies exterminator; and it appears that this name was given to the sun by the Greeks, by reason of the evil it inflicted upon them before Troy, where one part of their army perished from excessive heat, and the contagion resulting from it. It may be, that this infliction was in revenge for the outrage perpetrated by Agamemnon toward Chryses, father of the sun; the particulars of which, we find in the opening of the Iliad. The brilliant imaginations of the Greek poets transformed the rays of the sun to flaming arrows, which the irritated gods hurled in every direction, and which would have exterminated all, if the Greeks had not, to appease his wrath, set at liberty Chryséis, daughter of the sacrificer Chryses. This is certainly practically true; and for this reason, the sun was called Apollo. But, whatever may

be the cause or circumstance which gave the planet this name, no doubt can remain after these proofs, that its name should be exterminator.

Now, *Apollo* is the same word as *Apoleon*. They are both derived from the two Greek verbs *Apollyo*, or *Apolleo*, which signifies lost, killed, exterminated. So clear is this, that if the pretended hero of the present century called himself Apollo, it would be the same name as the sun, and this includes, besides, all the signification of this name, because he is described to us, as the greatest exterminator of mankind that has ever existed. But this personage is named Napoleon, and consequently he has in his name an initial letter which is not in the name of the sun. Why has it one letter more, and also one additional syllable? because, we find in all the inscriptions which are engraved in every part of the capital, the true name of this pretended hero, was *Napoleon* or *Neapolion*; and especially is this so upon the Vendôme column. But this syllable makes no difference. It is Greek, without doubt, as the rest of the name, and, in Greek, *ne* or *nai* is one of the strongest affirmations we can make of the word *truly*. It then follows that Napoleon signifies true exterminator — true Apollon. This is clearly the sun. But what shall we say of his other name? What relation can the word Bonaparte bear to this luminary, the sun? At first, we do not see this, but we comprehend that, as *bona parte* signifies good part, it is without doubt, something which has two parts, one good and the other bad, and something, moreover, which pertains to the sun, Napoleon.

Now, nothing pertains more directly to the sun, than the effects of his diurnal revolution; and these effects are, day and night, light and darkness — the light which his presence produces, and the darkness which prevails in his absence. This is an allegory borrowed from the Persians. It is the empire of Ormazd and of

Arimane — the empire of light and darkness — the empire of good and evil geniuses ; and it is of these last, the genius of evil and of darkness, that they called forth, in former times, this imprecatory expression : *Abi in malam partem*. And if by *malam partem* they meant darkness, without doubt by *bona parte*, or the good part, ought to mean light — the day, in opposition to night. Thus, we see, this relates to the sun when associated with Napoleon, which is the sun himself, as we have fully proved.

2d. Apollon, following the Greek mythology, was born on an island, (Delos) in the Mediterranean sea, and we have shown that Napoleon was born on an island in the same sea, and by preference he chose Corsica, because it belonged to France, where they wished him to reign ; just as Delos belonged to Greece, where Apollo had his principal temples, and delivered his oracles.

Pausanias, it is true, gave to Apollon the title of an Egyptian divinity ; but to be an Egyptian divinity, it was not necessary to be regarded as a god. This it was, that Pausanias wished us to understand, when he said that the Egyptians adored him. Here, then, we establish one more relation between the sun and Napoleon ; for, who has not read, that in Egypt Napoleon was regarded as invested with a supernatural character as the friend of Mahomet, and that he received all the homage pertaining to adoration while in that country.

3d. It is pretended that his mother was named Letitia. But the name Letitia meant *joy*, and by it, was intended to designate the Aurora and the birth of the sun, overspreading all nature with joy ; and the Aurora, who bore to the world the sun, as sang the poets, and with whose fingers of roses, the gates of the east were opened ; still, it is very remarkable, that in the Greek mythology, the mother of Apollon is called *Leto*. But if the Leto of the Romans was *Latone*, mother of Apollon, we

prefer, in our age, to make it *Letitia* ; because Letitia is the substantive of the verb *laetoe*, which meant inspirer of joy. It is then certain, that by this Letitia is meant as no other than the mother of Apollon in the Greek mythology.

4th. Subsequently it is narrated, that this son of Letitia had three sisters ; and it is indubitable, that these three sisters are the three Graces, who, with the Muses, their companions, ornamented and charmed the court of Apollon their brother.

5th. It is said this modern Apollon had four brothers. Now, these four brothers are the four seasons of the year, as we shall soon see. Let no one be disturbed at seeing the four seasons personified as masculine instead of feminine. This should not even appear strange, since, in French, no more than one of them is feminine. This is autumn ; and even upon this one, our grammarians are not agreed ; while in Latin, *Autumnus* is no more feminine than the other three seasons. So this presents to us no difficulty. The four brothers of Napoleon, then, may represent the four seasons of the year, as we shall show they really did. The four brothers of Napoleon, three of whom, it is said, were kings, are Spring, whose reign is over the flowers ; Summer, who holds dominion over the harvest ; and Autumn, whose charge is the fruits ; and on these three seasons rested the powerful influence of the sun. We are also told there was one brother who was not a king. Well, of the four seasons, there is one who does not reign over any thing. This is Winter. But, if to weaken our comparison, it is pretended that Winter is not without empire, and there be ascribed to him domination over the snows and frosts, which in this desolate season whiten all our fields, our reply to this is brief. Such wish to indicate to us, by the vain and ridiculous domination by which it is pretended that this brother of Napoleon was clothed after the decay of all his family — a

domination which has been attached to the city of *Canino*, in preference to all others, for the reason that *Canino* comes from *cani*, which we call the white hair of old age, that is to say Winter; and this, because in the eyes of the poets, the forests which cover our hills, are their hair; and when Winter covers them with its frosts, these are the white hairs of decrepid nature in the old age of the year. Then this pretended prince of *Canino*, is no other than Winter personified. Winter commenced when nothing remained of the other three beautiful seasons, and the sun is in its greatest elongation, and our country is invaded by the unruly children of the North, a name that the poets gave to the winds, which, coming from these countries, have covered our fields with a chilling whiteness—a circumstance which has furnished the subject of the fabulous invasion, by the people of the north of France, from which they have caused to disappear a flag of divers colors, with which France was everywhere embellished, and substituted therefor a white flag with which the whole country was covered, after the southern elongation of the fabulous Napoleon. But it is unnecessary to repeat, that this is an emblem of the frost, which the winds of the north bring to us during the winter, in place of the agreeable colors which the sun preserves in our country before his declination; and it is not difficult to see the analogy between this and the ingenious fable, created by the imaginations of our age.

6th. According to the same fables, Napoleon had two wives, the same as attributed to the sun. The two wives of the sun were the moon and the earth; the moon, according to the Greeks, (see Plutarch) and the earth, according to the Egyptians; with this remarkable difference, that one (the moon) had no posterity, and the other had one, *an only* son; this was the little Horus, son of Osiris and Isis, that is to say, of the sun and the

earth, as may be seen in the history of the heavens, book I. page 61, and following. This is an Egyptian allegory, in which the little Horus born of the earth by the fecundation of the sun, represented the fruits of agriculture; and precisely on the 20th of March, or at the vernal equinox, is placed the birth of the pretended son of Napoleon, because it is at this season of spring, that the productions of the earth manifest their most vigorous development.

7th. We are told that Napoleon put an end to a devastating scourge, which terrified all France, and which was called the Hydra of the revolution. Now Hydra means a serpent, and it is of little importance of what species, particularly when it is a question of a fable. This is Pythou, an enormous serpent, which was to the Greeks an object of extreme terror; and which terror Apollon dispelled when he killed the reptile. This was his first exploit; and for this reason, we say Napoleon commenced his reign, by suppressing the French revolution, which is equally as chimerical as all the rest, since we easily see, that revolution, borrowed from the Latin *revultus*, signifies simply a coiled serpent. This is Pythou, and nothing more.

8th. The celebrated warrior of the nineteenth century had, we are told, twelve marshals at the head of his armies, and four others not in active service. Now, the first twelve, as we well know, are the twelve signs of the Zodiac, marching under the orders of the sun, Napoleon, and each commanding one division of the innumerable army of stars, called in the Bible *Celestial militia*, and which are divided into twelve parts, corresponding to the twelve signs of the Zodiac.

Such are the twelve marshals, who, according to our fabulous chronicles, were in active service under the emperor Napoleon; and the four others, probably, are the four cardinal points, which, immovable in the midst of the general movement, are well

represented by the nonactivity in question. Thus, all these marshals, as well active as inactive, are purely symbolical, and have had no more real existence than their chief.

9th. The chronicles advise us, that this chief of brilliant armies, was victorious in the south, but having penetrated the north, he could not there sustain himself. Now all this characterizes perfectly the march of the sun. This orb, we all know, reigns supreme in the south, as they say of the emperor Napoleon. But what is very remarkable, is that after the vernal equinox, the sun seeks the northern regions, and so abandons the regions of the equator. But about the third month of this northern progress, he encounters the northern tropic, and is then forced to stop, and to turn his steps again toward the south, and following the sign Cancer the crab, to which has been given this name, says Nacrobe, to express the retrograde movement of the sun from this hemisphere. And it is from this, that has been drawn the imaginary expedition of Napoleon toward the north — to Moscow — and the humiliating retreat which we are told followed. Then, all that we have related of the success, or reverses of this strange warrior, are only allusions to the sun.

10th, and finally. This has no need of explanation. The sun rises in the east and sets in the west, as all the world knows; but to the spectator, situated upon the shore, the sun appears to issue from the eastern seas, and disappear in the western at night. It is thus the poets have depicted his rising and setting, and this is all that is meant when they say to us, that Napoleon came to us from the eastern sea — Egypt — to reign over France, and that he disappeared in the western ocean, after a reign of twelve years — which meant nothing more than the twelve hours of the day, or the time the sun is above the horizon. "He reigned but a single day," says the author of the *Nouvelles Messenien-*

nes, in speaking of Napoleon, and the manner in which they describe his elevation, decline and fall, proves that this pleasing poet, like ourselves, has seen nothing in Napoleon but an image of the sun; and that he is nothing else, is proved by his name, the name of his mother, by his three sisters, his four brothers, his two wives, his son, his marshals, and his exploits. This is proved no less by the place of his birth, by the region whence he came when entering upon his field of sovereignty, by the time employed in bringing it about, by the countries in which he ruled, by those where he was turned back, and by the region in which he disappeared, pale and dethroned, after his brilliant career, to adopt the language of *Casimir Delavigne*.

It is then proved, that the pretended hero of our century is an allegorical personage, whose attributes are all borrowed from the sun. And consequently, that Napoleon Bonaparte, of whom so much has been said and written, has really never existed; and the error into which all people have been led, is that they have simply taken the mythology of the nineteenth century, for actual and veritable history.

LETTERS FROM QUIETSIDESIDE.

II.

G. . . ., *April*.

I N common with myself, you, my dear M. . . ., have probably watched the mitigated rigors of the past season, and rejoiced, as old Winter, with surly visage, stalked off the stage. On his departure, he left his implements, seedbags, and preparatory operations for the coming harvest, to his three young daughters, charging them to carry out the work which has been preparing in nature's laboratory for several months past. As he apparently took his annual northern journey at an earlier date than is usual in our clime, there was a

general rejoicing in the hope that the damsels would take leave of their coquetry, and justify the implied promise of their old father when he departed, that they should "mind their own business."

No sooner was his back turned, however, than March came blustering in, declaring that she would not make the gardens—not she; the seeds might lie in their bags for any thing she would do. If it suited her father to frown, and bluster, and storm, she, as his next successor, would suit herself, and take an excursion "on the wings of the wind," whenever it pleased her to do so.

Some hope was entertained for her next sister, April, as she advanced modestly and rather pleasantly; but, within a week after her installment, she gave unmistakable tokens, that, in perverseness of character, she could go even beyond her elder sister. April derives her name from a Latin word, which implies opening; and was believed to be significantly applied to this portion of the year, because the pores of the earth were said to be opened. Poets have sung her praises, as weeping in gentle dews and showers, while she prepared decorations for the "coming out" of her gay young sister May. At this time she seems to have combined the two performances. If, for the last three days she has been weeping, her tears have been congealed and fallen in feathery flakes, as if the old dame in the big house at the top of the tall bean-pole, as recorded in nursery legend, had been emptying her beds, bolsters, and pillows, and sent their contents to take an airing in these lower regions.

If she is fulfilling her mission in opening the pores of the earth, she must belong to the Hydropathic school of medicine, and is alternating between the cold shower bath, and the packing in a cold, wet sheet. Although her offices meet with most ungrateful returns, she is certainly entitled to some credit for showing

off some very pretty decorations. Every object is draped with purest white, the effect of which, is to beautify and relieve the chilly monotony of dame Nature's physiognomy.

Houses and fences preserve their form intact, to the minutest point, angle, and crevice at the surface of the superincumbent mass. The twigs and branches of trees are elegantly festooned with the most beautiful wreaths, adorned with little pendant crystals, glittering as well as they can in this somber light. All this preparation is for the expected advent of old Sol, as it is fully believed he must appear "some time or other;" it may possibly be very soon. Whenever this event takes place, perhaps I may attempt a description of his brilliant entry and reception.

I must not omit to mention the humble shrubbery, with their delicate twigs completely encased in sheen; bending to earth, as if oppressed with the weight of honors, and quietly awaiting their removal. The modest and lowly should not be passed by silently, without fitting tribute to their beauty and worth.

I will now attempt to fulfill my promise of telling you how April behaved herself, after having set at defiance all the rules of propriety established by her predecessors of by-gone ages. She says they were too "*verdant*" for modern example.

One day, about noon, old Sol peeped out with his blazing eye from the misty curtain which hung in heavy folds, enveloping and concealing his chamber from vulgar gaze. Young April, feeling herself called upon to do the honors of the occasion, flaunted out in all her resplendencies of gems and jewelry. The old monarch, knowing that it was all a reflection of his own beams, was much disgusted with her coquetish airs, and frowningly withdrew behind his drapery, stripping the young flirt of all her borrowed finery.

At this, April went off in a fit of the sulks, dropped an occasional tear,

accompanied by heavy sighs, which came like the blasts of a furnace. After a season of fitful sobbing, her tear valves were sprung, and she literally wept showers and torrents; completely crest-fallen, she now appears in a full suit of sober gray. Such a check has her vanity received, that it is almost certain she will not again flare out in her bedizenments of jeweled adornments; at least, during this present administration, as the time for her allotted work is rapidly passing away.

Her father's spades stand in the corner, and the seed-bags remain untouched upon the shelf, and she vows that she will not trouble herself about making the garden — any body that will, may do it for her. She may, if it happens to suit her caprice, renovate the embroidery of the carpets with a few touches; perhaps trim and decorate the groves and arboraceous avenues; and will employ her own minstrels to enliven the scene, while she sends the liberated rivulets sparkling and rejoicing on their way, exulting that they have escaped from their wintry fetters; but that is all *she* intends to do, for the present at least. But we shall see whether the old autocrat of all the months will not yet bring her to terms. When in the imperative mood, his power is irresistible, and he may possibly give her a training that will reduce her to steadiness, and compel her to make up lost time in the garden yet. We shall see.

But we will try to look indulgently upon these little peccadillos of April; remembering that she is but a type of a certain class of interesting beings, who reject authority, resist influence, and madly pursue their own wild impulses, until the necessities of circumstances compel them to a change of course which becomes onerous, because they are all unfitted by previous discipline, for the duties it may involve. * * * * *

Young women, of the nineteenth century, weigh well the responsibili-

ties of your present station. At no period of the world's history, has woman's influence been what it should be now. The spirit of freedom, with outspread wings, is brooding over the nations of the earth, and keeps even pace with Christianization and civilization. With the establishment and reception of gospel ethics, woman has, and always must take a station in society, which involves most important, yea, eternal responsibilities. Her influence *must* be felt upon the destinies of the world.

As the pebble, dropped into the stream, excites a vibration of wavelets that must extend to earth's remotest oceans, so does the mother's teaching in the nursery — the daughter's cheerful efforts in kitchen and parlor, the sister's influence in the school-room and play-ground, all tend to soften the asperities, and humanize the instincts of man-nature, both in its incipient and advanced stages. The son, the brother, the husband, the father, yea, all the sweet humanities of domesticity call upon you to aid in bringing the household system to a state of perfection not yet reached; while the magistrate, the statesman, and the ruler must look to your soothing and sympathizing cares to sustain their energies, and ameliorate the onerous labors of their difficult and trying position.

The most beautiful tribute to woman's usefulness and character, that I have ever seen, is the dedication to his wife, by Doct. E. Hitchcock, of Amherst College, Mass., of a highly interesting scientific work, entitled "The Religion of Geology." He attributes to her care, her energies and self-sacrificing labors, the great success which has crowned his scientific pursuits, and placed him in the front of scholastic ranks. As a scholar, he is well-known and highly appreciated. Without her knowlege, it was given to the world, and met her eye for the first time in a printed book, which must hold an honored and permanent place in the archives of science. He

says it is his wish to say to a world, always disposed to complain of the inefficiency and inconstancy of woman, "that one man at least, placed implicit confidence in a woman, and was not disappointed."

What an emblazonry is this? and coming, as it does, from a highly distinguished man, after the close intimacy of thirty years of married life? Who would not be willing to forego all the fascinations of the fashionable world, and consecrate all the energies of the most gifted mind—all of life, to deserve and receive such a testimonial as this from such a source—from so a reliable a friend?

Cast a retrospective glance to the women of provincial and revolutionary America. They helped to achieve a social and political renovation, the influence of which, will illuminate the page of earth's latest history. Women of this age, are not called to such superhuman sacrifices. Their mission is of a higher nature; in a rarified sphere—to cultivate, to soften, and elevate the spirit elicited by the stern realities of that stormy period.

A circle of glory irradiates the memory of America's earliest Anglo-Saxon mothers. Let a halo of softened radiance, emanating from refined, educated patriotism, be the distinguishing crown of noble American women through all future time. As ever, I still remain your most

Affectionate L'AMIE.

A SKETCH.

AS I sit here by the blazing grate, watching the fantastic figures in the coals, memory goes back into by-gone years, and brings before my mind's eye the remembrance of just such a cheerless night as this, which was a night of sorrow to me; and, although twenty long years have passed since then, the events of that night are as plain in my memory as though they happened but yesterday.

It was a dark, dreary night—even

more dark and cheerless than this. The storm-king was abroad in all his fury, bending and swaying the old trees in the grove, and sighing about our father's old mansion, as though it were mourning for the bereaved ones within. Our mother was dying. She had been fading away for many months, and now lay with her eyes closed and her hands folded upon her bosom, and so very still, that we almost thought the departing spirit had taken its flight. My father stood at the side of the bed, even his dark, stern features relaxed, with my brother and myself beside him. A few of the old house-servants were standing about the room in silent groups, with the tears trickling down their dark cheeks, watching the calm, pale face, almost as white as the pillow itself, and now and then speaking in suppressed whispers to each other. We had been standing so for a long time, when my mother's eyes opened, and she said faintly, "Herbert!"

My father bent over her, and as she clasped his hand, she said, "I am going to my long rest, Herbert, but do not weep for me when I am gone. I shall be happier there than here, but train my children to love the Saviour, and some day we shall all meet in heaven."

Her eyes closed, and the white hand fell back upon the bed, the pale lips murmured, "Good-by," and she was dead.

The funeral chant was sung, the solemn words, "Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes" said, and we returned to our house, now rendered dark and desolate by the departure of its best-loved occupant. We had loved our mother with all the warmth of affection which our young hearts possessed, and now that she was gone, life did not seem so bright and beautiful as it had before. Our father was more kind and loving toward us than he had been before our mother's death, but

still we did not turn to him for consolation and comforting words, when any childish disappointment troubled us, as we had to her.

We wandered about the house, and looked at the old pictures, and grim, dark furniture, with a kind of awe which we had not felt when we entered those same rooms with our mother, for her beautiful face had seemed to make every thing look bright and happy. We saw but little company, and were lonely enough. Little Walter would say to me sometimes, "Nora, when I am a great man like father, I'll have company come here, like they used to when mamma was alive, and we'll walk in the woods, and pick wild-flowers, won't we? only it won't be so pleasant as it was then, Nora, for she can't go with us."

We are all happy now. Walter's dreams have been more than realized, and he stands proudly among the noblest of the land. There is a blue-eyed little fairy that he calls "wife," flitting about the dark, old rooms, and shedding light and happiness wherever she goes. Our father sits in the arm-chair by the fire, watching her as she flits in and out of the room, and his dim eyes regain some of their old brightness, when she smooths the silver hair off his forehead, and calls him "Father." I am what you term an old maid now, but not a lonely or unhappy one. The old house is home once more, and we are its happy inmates.

NORA MAYLIE.

THE FOLKS OF OLDEN TIME.

BY M. E. HUNTER.

WHAT peaceful, happy days there must have been away back in antiquity, before "modern inventions" ever cursed the earth. Before the lamentable time when common sense deserted the greater part of mankind, and sent them adrift, with

scarce ballast enough to keep them from sinking, every blast that blows. Before the period arrived, when the working-day world were pronounced "nobodies," and hands, white and soft as their owner's brains, began to be quite the rage.

"When richer ones did not disdain
With poorer ones to mix,
Because their father's buildings had
Just one or two more bricks."

When women had wisdom enough granted unto them to wear the same dress as often as twice, and one good bonnet lasted a whole season without being retrimmed more than six times. When fashion's ways—if fashion was at all—were ways that were made with a due reference to the contents of one's portmonnia, and were in a direct proportion of, as dress is to purse, so is dress to Mrs. Blank. When trips to fashionable resorts, as mineral springs, were things unheard of—all mineral waters being by them thoroughly detested, as, for instance, hard water on working day. When boys and girls went to school for the purpose of learning something, and in their meekness endeavored to improve themselves, instead of instructing their teacher. When young ladies made the acquaintance of cheese-tubs and spinning-wheels, and could tell the difference between a wash-board and a grindstone. And what good did that do, you ask? You remember our grandmothers. Don't you think their giant-minds and stalwart frames present a rather striking contrast to the slack-stinted energies of their descendants.

And the young men, too, who never dreamed that manhood's mark was tobacco and cigars; who kept the Sabbath and some of the commandments, and came up generally in the way they should go.

Yes, those were happy days, and those a happy, sensible people, that lived in them; and quite as well would it be for us, if a few more of the customs of our forefathers were prevalent among us.

Lodi, Feb. 1858.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

ONE of the most agreeable scenes that we can survey on earth, is a peaceful family, where friendship comes in to draw more closely the bonds of nature; where the individuals resemble the human body, and if one member suffers, all the members suffer with it, and if one member be honored, all the members rejoice; where every care is diminished, every joy redoubled by discovery, by sympathy, by communion; where mutual confidence prevails, and advice, consolation and succor are reciprocally given and received. Some things are good but not pleasant, and some things are pleasant but not good. Here both are combined, and the effect is fragrant as the sacred perfume, and reviving as the influence of heaven. We can establish the importance of domestic happiness, by taking some particular views of its connections and influence.

And first, we may consider it in reference to our avocations and cares; these are numerous and diversified, and demand relaxation and relief. Who could endure perpetual drudgery and fatigue? And oh! what so refreshing, so soothing, satisfying, as the placid joys of home? See the traveler, does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle? The image of his earthly happiness continues vividly in his remembrance; it quickens him to diligence; it cheers him under difficulties; it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished and his face turned toward home; it communes with him as he journeys; and he hears the promise which causes him to hope: "Thou shalt know, also, that thy tabernacle shall be in peace." Oh! the joyful reunion of a divided family; the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation after days of absence! Behold the man of science. He drops the labor and painfulness of research, closes his volume, smooths his wrinkled brow, leaves his study,

and unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children.

Take the man of trade. What reconciles him to the toil of business? what enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers? what rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By-and-by the season of intercourse will arrive; he will be enbosomed in the caresses of his family, for whom he resigns his ease, and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompense. Yonder comes the laborer. He has borne the burden and heat of the day; the descending sun has released him from his toil, and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. Yet his toil-worn cheek assumes an air of cheerfulness, his hardships are forgotten, fatigue vanishes, he eats, and is satisfied; he retires to rest, and the "rest of the laboring man is sweet, whether he eats little or much."

We may also consider this happiness in reference to the afflictions of life. It looks like a general remedy furnished by the kindness of Providence to alleviate the troubles which from various quarters we unavoidably meet, while passing through this world of "vanity and vexation of spirit." How many little sighing vacancies does it fill up? how many cloudy, nervous vapors does it chase from the mind? What corroding anxieties will not retire from the attractions of a virtuous wife? what a consolation is her gentleness? who has not experienced its healing, enlivening influence in the day of sickness and in the hour of depression? Does the behavior of too many with whom you have to do, cherish a dissatisfaction which sours life? Here a serenity, a sweetness spreads over the mind, from the simplicity, openness, and kindness with which you are surrounded. Are you repulsed by

others, here you are received with open and welcome arms.

We may consider this happiness with reference to the good things of this life. Without this, all will be insipid, all will be useless. Your titles of distinction, and your robes of office are laid aside before you enter your own dwelling. There the senator, the minister, the lawyer draw back, and we behold only the husband, the father, the man. There you stand only in the relations which nature has placed you. Imagine yourself prosperous in your affairs; trade pouring in wealth, your grounds bringing in plentifully, your cup running over. Misery under your own roof would be sufficient to canker your gold and silver; to corrupt your abundance; to imbitter every pleasure; to make you groan even on a costly couch. "All these avail me nothing." Sufferings from strangers, are less acute than from friends. And what can be so dreadful as to be associated with persons, from whom you can not separate, and with whom you can not live? What are occasional smiles against habitual frowns? What is friendship abroad against enmity at home? What is it for a person to be comfortable where he visits, and to be tormented where he dwells? If our happiness flow from others—and that it does in no small degree is unquestionable—it will necessarily follow that it must be most affected by those to whom we are most nearly related, and with whom we most intimately blend; not those with whom we accidentally meet, but those with whom we daily reside—not those who touch one part of our character only, but those who press us on all sides.

It may also be considered in reference to the seductions and snares of the world. From the dangers of these, there is no better preservation than the attractions of a family. The more a person feels his welfare lodged in his own house, the more will he prize and love it. The more he is at-

tached to his wife and children, the less will he risk their peace and comfort by hazardous speculations and mad enterprise in trade. In vain will he be tempted to go abroad for company or for pleasure, when home supplies him with both. He has better enjoyment springing from their social evenings and rural walks, from their reading and conversation, from their cheerful, lively, mutual devotion—enjoyments that leave no stain, no sting behind. There his heart is made better, and he is softened, prepared for duty, allured to the throne of grace. And can he be induced to exchange all this for the anxieties, confusion, agitations, and expense of the votaries of the world? Who can help lamenting to see the valuable enjoyments of home sacrificed to a fondness for amusements, and indiscriminate intercourse with the false, unfeeling world? But so it is. But let us remember that happiness prefers calmness to noise, and quiet places to publicity; that it depends more upon things cheap and common, than upon things expensive and singular; that it is not an exotic which we are to import from the ends of the earth, but a plant which grows in our own fields and gardens. But home is not always heaven, nor is domestic life necessarily productive of domestic happiness. Hence, it becomes needful to inquire into its sources, and examine upon what it depends. It does not depend upon rank and affluence; it is confined to no particular condition; it exhilarates the cottage as well as the palace.

Here are, however, some things which have an indispensable influence in producing and maintaining the welfare of families, viz: order, good-temper, good-sense, and religious principles. Without order, no person can rule well in his own house. "God is not the God of confusion." He loves order; order prevails all His works. He overlooks nothing. There is no discord, no clashing in all the universe—the amazing whole.

He has interposed his authority and enjoined us to do every thing decently and in order. It calls upon us to lay down rules and to walk by them; to assign to every thing its proper place, its allowance of time, its degree of importance; to observe regularity in our meals, in our devotion, in our expenses. From order springs frugality, economy, charity. From order results beauty, harmony, concurrence. Without order there can be no government, no happiness; peace flies from confusion; discord entangles all our affairs, hides from us the end, and keeps from us the clue. We love self-possession, and become miserable, because perplexed, hurried, easily provoked.

Many things will arise to try our temper, and that person is unqualified for social life, who has no rule over his own spirit; "who can not bear," to use the words of a great writer, "the frailties of his fellow-creatures with common charity, and the vexa-

tions of life with common patience." Peter, addressing wives, reminds them that "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, is in the sight of God of great price." And Solomon, often mentions the opposite blemish, in illustrating the female character. But there is something against which we should be more upon our guard than occasional sallies of passion — I mean habitual pettishness; the former may be compared to a brisk shower which is soon over, the latter to a drizzling rain driving all the day long. Good-humor is the cordial, the balm of life. The possessor of it spreads satisfaction wherever he comes, and he partakes of the pleasure he gives. Easy in himself, he is seldom offended with those around him. Calm and placid within, all without wears the most favorable appearance; while the mind agitated by peevishness or passion, like a ruffled pool reflects even every agreeable and lovely image in false and distorted shapes. S. E. W.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

A FRIEND sends us the following hints on a subject which claims far less thought than it should:

"I am hoping that some of those who have the skill of a 'ready writer,' united to a warm Christian heart and unerring judgment, will come in their strength to meet that deep, deplorable, and hitherto almost unnoticed want in our home circle, the training of head, hand, and heart of sons for the sphere of future husbands.

"Parental neglect, or error here, is disastrous to an untold extent. Educated in science and their professions, but left ignorant as to the nature of their duties in detail of the conjugal relation. And, as I once heard a clergyman of eminence remark from his pulpit, 'man, in all ages, and among all nations, is disposed to abuse the authority God gave him over woman,' they are thus in danger of counteracting the best

arrangements of the wife for family happiness.

"So many young men marry from sinister motives. To have some one to wait on them, 'to govern,' to increase the 'cheapness of living, some one to cook, wash, mend for them, furnish their homes.' Do not infer from these hints, that I am a modern 'woman's rights' advocate. Oh, no! from my Bible I learn that woman's sphere is within that of her husband's. Yet it is a sphere defined in its duties, and in it woman is 'to guide the house.'

"Until this prevailing evil among our intelligent community, in the middle walks of life, is in some way met as it demands, writing, talking, teaching woman to be what she should as a subordinate wife, only fits her to suffer the more, as she finds herself situated under the control of one who has no appreciation of her acquirements and duties.

"These hasty thoughts have been called forth, by the reading of the article in THE HOME, 'Ruling Wives.' The writer has talent, her aim is worthy. But methinks the time is come to cease 'lecturing woman for her faults,' or, rather beating the dark. Would it not be happier to let in the light by leading us into some of the many lovely homes of our country, where the duties of the family relation are all performed by enlightened minds upon Christian principles? Would not the presentation of such a lovely picture, tend to reform the 'domineering,' better than the exposure of her faults?"

It is unquestionably true, that all human nature is ennobled by an appreciation and acknowledgment of the value of its position and duties of life. No man will do his best in work which he has all his life been taught to consider frivolous and unimportant; and it is pretty certain that no woman will. He who expects to be served by a slave, must expect slavish service. All those who persist in trampling human nature in the dust, and keeping intelligence at its lowest ebb, can only demand of humanity that which the lowest forms of intelligence can produce. Those who strive only to demean the human intellect, should be content to live in the midst of that meanness and paucity of intelligence that they have helped to produce. This depressing effect of a want of appreciation or a contempt of human intellect, may be seen wherever the influence of such opinions extends, but it may be particularly seen in those who are dependent upon that narrowness of mind, which attempts to crush out, instead of enlarging the intelligence of those beneath it. A household of slaves will show clearly by their condition and intelligence, the manhood of their master. Even a horse or a dog will bear indisputable marks of the stamp of humanity borne by those who trained them.

And so long as physical power is the dominant one in the world, the position of woman, however dignified and ennobling her work, must be dependant upon that of man, and she shows unmistakably the kind of public, or of individual opinion under the blessing or ban of whose influence she has chanced to fall. The feeble step — the wan and lifeless face — the eye from which all

light or happiness has departed, show clearly the wife who meets with no other appreciation from her husband, than that of a mere machine for the performance of *housework* at home. What business has a man who has no appreciation of woman and her duties, to ask a young and happy girl — one possessing the germ of noble womanhood, to marry him? It is a heartless insult. Girls, beware of such men. If the man who thinks of choosing you for a wife, does not respect his mother and sisters, do not marry him. If you think his mother is not worthy of respect, still do not marry him, for there is scarcely a chance in such a case, that she can have trained her son to be worthy of respect. He may have gone beyond her in education, or culture of manners, or dress, but that garden of the heart which should have been, and was not cultivated in childhood, will be pretty sure to grow nettles in its shadowy corners, and they will pierce you when you come to make it your home.

What right has a woman to claim the "blessing of a child," if she can not teach him to respect her, and through her, the sex to which she belongs. In fact, if she can not do this, her child will probably become an evil rather than a good gift to her, for the value of a blessing comes from the manner in which it is accepted. This matter of respect for woman and her duties — the acknowledgment of their importance, and the knowledge that time and culture are needed to fit her for them, is the first thing in the formation of a good husband and father; but this is not all. There are a multitude of husbands and fathers who profess to believe in good wives and mothers, but who nevertheless appear to think that for themselves, their duty to their family is done when they have supplied them with food and clothing. When it is said that a man's will should rule the household, it is a virtual acknowledgment that his moral power is the greatest, and that his moral perceptions are the clearest. Then has the greatest moral power nothing to do with the moral training of those whose stamp of character is impressed beneath his authority? Shall he give no instruction to those weak ones who are subservient to his will? This is the worst form of tyranny; the framing

of a despotism without the granting of a law. It is a curious thing to look into this heterogeneous, social architecture of ours, and try to bring reason or justice out of it.

There are men who will dally with their children so long as the current of amusement runs smoothly, but the moment any disturbance occurs, so that there is any claim upon that superior moral power which this position arrogates to them, will resign the child, authority, and proprietorship at once. "Here mother, take your child." "Your child," indeed. It would be only a retaliatory assumption of dignity, if such a mother should accept the charge, and go out from so one-sided a house, to seek a Canaan for herself. We believe there are Canaans even for those Hagais who now wander in the wilderness, if they will only have faith and patience to find them. But woman herself is to blame in this matter — perhaps the most to blame. For she sits indolently by, and submits herself to the prevailing public sentiment, and allows her sons to grow up without a hint of improvement on this subject. We have a fervent respect for public opinion — a veneration for those institutions that have borne the trial of time, but we can not help thinking it barely possible that public opinion may be a little distorted on these points. The Chinese and Hindoos have a respect for time-worn institutions as fervent as our own. And probably time is about as good a test of the value of an institution in one country as in another.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Here are a couple of fragments cut from one of our vigorous papers, upon a subject, the proper understanding of which, would probably do more toward the improvement of our depreciated national health, than almost any other thing. And we do not mean physical health merely, but moral and intellectual health. There are few who seem really to appreciate how royal is the authority delegated to a parent — how sacred the responsibility placed in his hands.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

It was only a common truth that Kepler expressed when he said, "The strong are

born of the strong, and the good of the good." Yet this great, common truth is but little heeded. The relation of the mother to the child is so intimate, so vital, that it receives a large share of its disposition and characteristics from her mental and bodily condition, before it opens its eyes to the light.

Mothers know this; yet how little care they bestow on their habits of thinking and feeling, the integrity of bodily health, etc., at times when their condition fixes in the child bias and endowment — gives it taste and capacity.

Fathers know this. Yet is their conduct toward the mother, such as suggests the holiest feelings, favors the highest aspirations, fosters the purest affections, and by calling into activity the most exalting attributes of her nature, prepares her to welcome the prospective child as a gift from the hand of God?

This ought to be.

Think of Byron's mother, outraged by the neglect and cruelty of her husband, and note the effect of her violent passions on her son. Macauley said of him, no one ever had so full "command of the whole eloquence of scorn, misanthropy, and despair." His soul was an exhaustless spring of bitterness.

We would not underrate the father's influence; but at this period it is exerted only through the mother.

Contrast with Lord Byron's mother the mother of Cuvier, who was said to be "worthy to bear such a son." And who can fail to trace the serene greatness of our Washington to his sensible, equable, dignified, and virtuous mother? Examples, illustrating this truth, might be multiplied were it desirable.

As is the mother, so will be her child.

PREMATURE MARRIAGES.

A delicate creature of eighteen years was introduced to us, who would have been beautiful had she been healthy. She was so frail, it seemed the north wind must subdue itself to softness ere it would sweep over her. To her mother, Mrs. Blank — a charming woman — we said:

"Your daughter is quite feeble; yet it seems unnecessary; she should be vigorous, as she inherited a good constitution."

"Yes," she replied, "Sophie is my greatest anxiety. That cough has troubled her a year; yet she says she is well. I am fearful, for she will not use medicine. Sometimes I feel as if I should go distracted," and the magnificent and really alarmed woman, in her intense solicitude, did become abstracted, so that she took no notice of our question, "Do you keep Miss Blank at school?" She whom we had supposed a girl of fifteen years old, and called *Miss Blank*, replied to the question.

"My name is Mrs. Squier. I have not been at school these three years. I have been married more than two years."

"Married! *you* married? And your husband—not to defer marriage till you were developed, and your tissues so consolidated, as to assume with safety the responsibilities of matrimony, and the tax it imposes?"

"You must see him,—so large and manly—I am proud of him. He is just different from me. He calls me his pet doll. If he is absent one day, I am very wretched."

Noble! but he is either reckless or ignorant of woman's nature and woman's needs; he is ignorant of those truths which no man is excusable for not learning before he asks a woman to marry him—so we soliloquized.

Mrs. Squier added, "I am failing; but I deny it to mother, for were I to own it, she would grieve her life away."

Here Mrs. Blank, recollecting our presence, said, "Yes, Sophie is my anxiety. And she has so fine a husband, and is so well-settled—just as I would have her—and now become so feeble! Formerly she was never sick. She was so healthy. She was just the loveliest bride—" (Mrs. B. here again became abstracted.)

And she will make just the loveliest corpse, we added, mentally; and it will be lovely to hear the minister at the funeral refer her death to the inscrutable providence of God, who always calls to himself the loveliest—those too good for earth—thus affording us the discipline needed to draw us to his service. Such charges are meanly detractive of the Divine Being, and libelous of the great and good of this beautiful but defamed earth.

Much mischief comes of this childish romance thrown around the marrying of boys

and girls. "Isn't cousin Carrie old enough to be engaged?" asked a volatile girl of seventeen, herself married. When nursing her baby, a year after, she thought it cruel that she must be cut off from all youthful enjoyments to take care of a baby. She was right—though her child was grievously sinned against—she was right; her place was among the youthful mates of her childhood, and not with the matrons of the land. She was unfit for that place.

Both boys and girls should be taught that it is wrong to enter the holy state of matrimony before their bodies and minds are so matured and invigorated as to assume safely and perform joyously the duties incident to this state. Their own health and happiness demand this.

And the children—stinted in life, health, and capacity—how can they rise up and call their parents blessed? It is a crying shame for a parent to have a child miserable or vicious; it need not be.

Yes, the children—they are entitled to a large fund of life—to high and full endowment. But how can children inherit vigorous constitutions, when the parents are immature—their tissues not only lax but partially developed? Observation shows that the children of very young persons are generally deficient in strength of intellect and stability of character. Dr. Franklin was the fifteenth child of his father, and the eighth of his mother. Dr. Samuel Johnson's mother was over forty when he was born. And the parents of Lord Bacon, Fenelon, Sir William Jones, and Baron Cuvier were fully mature when these illustrious men were born.

What is not possessed by parents, can not be transmitted to children.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

We can not but speak with encouragement of the manner in which our contributors are keeping their pens busy in behalf of "THE HOME." We set up every full page of this number from original manuscript, and have still, many articles by us which have been waiting long to find a space. Our correspondents, too, are coming more and more

into the habit of sending us just such articles as we want, viz: pointed, practical essays, or tales upon the reigning topics or wants of the day. We gave a very small moiety of selected matter in the last volume, and have commenced this one with less than a page of it, if we except the brief cuttings which we have embodied above. Yet our correspondents say that "THE HOME" grows better and better. All honor to our contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"B."—Do not think the poems you have sent us have been cashiered because they do not make their appearance. They are waiting for room. As usual, the poetry that is sent us, makes decidedly the lion's share of our contributions. We could not find room for a third that we receive, if we were ever so anxious to do so. Did you give wings to your last prose article? It has flown away without our knowledge.

"L. E."—Next month.

Many others wait a space.

A question has been asked among our correspondents, respecting the particular shade of religious faith entertained by the editress of "THE HOME." Whatever this may be, she does not intend to throw any shade of doctrinal or sectional religion upon the pages of "THE HOME." While the broad foundation of religion—the full spirit of the Gospel is inculcated to the utmost extent, she does not consider these pages the place for the discussion of those minor differences which have caused so much unnecessary discussion among Christians. There comes a day when all these differences will be settled, and we shall no longer see "through a glass darkly;" and, with no wavering in her own opinions, she is yet willing to wait with those who differ honestly from her for the clear light which that day will bring. Feeling thus as we do, our private faith, and our editorial individuality can have no connection so long as we adhere to our rule.

We have always thought that religion could and ought to be taught to the young without sectarianism—at least when it is taught in common to those who come from a commu-

nity of different religious views. And we believe that there would be more sound religious instruction given, than there is, if we all felt how important it is that the true and devout religion of the heart should exist apart from these different interpretations. We have said more than we intended on this subject, for it is one that interests us.

FLOWER SEEDS.

In our May number, we say of Mr. Needham's seeds that he will send "twenty varieties of flower seeds, and sixteen of garden seeds for one dollar." We should have said "or sixteen of garden seeds." Some of our subscribers we believe have been disappointed by this *typical* error.

RECIPES.

WHORTLEBERRY PUDDING.—One pint of milk, three eggs, flour enough for a stiff batter. When these are well-mixed, add three pints of berries, and tie the whole pretty tightly in a floured cloth, and boil it two hours and a half. Serve with cream sauce.

A COLD FRUIT PUDDING.—Stew together one quart each of whortleberries, raspberries, blackberries, a pint of currants, and a pound of brown sugar.

Cut a brick loaf into thin slices, and line with them a deep bowl. Pour in a layer of the fruit, then a layer of thin bread, and so alternately, until the bowl is full. Lay a plate upon the bowl, which will go easily within the circumference of it. Lay a heavy weight upon it, and let it stand several hours, perhaps all night. Serve with cream sauce. Any sweet and acid fruit combined will answer.

BOILED BATTER PUDDING.—Eight eggs, eight spoons full of flour, one quart of milk; beat these together very thoroughly; put the mixture into a well-floured cloth or a water-rinsed mould, and boil one hour. Serve it with cold sauce. If more flour and less egg is used, boil it longer.

The same pudding may be baked in an oven three quarters of an hour.

BOILED BREAD PUDDING.—Pour a quart of boiled milk or cream upon a pound of grated or thinly-shaved bread. Let it soak thus for an hour or two, and then mash it and mix it finely together; add four or five beaten eggs, two cups of sugar, a little lemon juice or essence of lemon, or a little mace powdered with fine sugar. Bake it two hours. Add raisins, or a flavor of wine for boiling, and let it boil four hours.

AN INNOCENT PLUM PUDDING.—Ten or a dozen soft crackers may be broken into a quart of good milk or cream. Let it stand thus all night, and in the morning rub the whole through a cullender. Add eight eggs, a pound of sugar, a cup of molasses, a cup of wine, a table-spoonful of salt, the grated rind of a lemon, half a tea-spoonful of mace, a quarter of a pound of citron, a pound of currants, and a pound and a half of stoned raisins. Let it be boiled five hours, and served with cold sauce of braided sugar, and butter, and white of egg. Leave out the suet, cloves, nutmeg, and brandy, that render plum pudding so deleterious.

SUNDERLAND PUDDING.—Make a batter as for a batter pudding, and bake it in small cups. Fill the cups two-thirds full, having wet them previously with sweet cream.

RICE PLUM PUDDING.—Half a pound of rice, half a pound of raisins, half a tea-spoonful of salt; tie it in a cloth, and boil it two hours and a half. To be eaten with sweet sauce.

BAKED RICE PUDDING.—Swell a large cup of rice, in milk or water, (milk being preferable,) add to it when swelled, a quart of milk, five eggs, two table-spoonsful of brown sugar, or a cup of molasses, a little mace or cinnamon, a tea-spoonful of salt, and a cup of rich cream; bake it an hour and a half. If the rice is put into cold milk unswelled, and baked immediately, bake it three hours. It will be a very good pudding with two eggs, or with the cup of cream left out. Raisins may be added if desired.

BOOK NOTICES.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK—Is regularly received through T. S. Hawks. The May number is beautifully embellished as usual, and contains tales and poems from many of the current writers of the day. In its fashion-plates and its hints for the handiwork of female fingers, Godey is unrivaled. In this number, however, we find a commendatory notice of Dan Rice's circus. It seems to us a singular taste, at the least, to drop the *blatant* attractions of a circus, in among the hair bracelets, the honiton laces, and other refined refinements of Godey's Lady's Book.

ARTHUR'S LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE.—The May number completes "THE YOUNG GOVERNESS, a Tale of Modern Spiritualism," by T. S. Arthur, and "ONLY HERE," by Miss Townsend. It contains also contributions from our own correspondents, Miss Mary J. Crosman and "Clara Augusta," besides much other interesting and valuable matter. We must again take occasion to commend the pointed fragments with which the editor's department is adorned.

SWEET HOME; OR, FRIENDSHIP'S GOLDEN ALTAR: edited by FRANCES. E. PERCIVAL, Boston: CROWN & Co., 1857.

We love occasionally to find a work like this pretty little volume, which we have received from the publishers—one which aims to benefit the heart, as well as minister to the fancy of its readers. For want of time, our perusal of its articles has been very hasty; but we were particularly pleased with "Our Old Grandmother," "The Crushed Bud," and a poem, entitled "I'm Old To-day." The style of binding, which is an important consideration with the young, is very attractive.

THE WAY OF LIFE.—This is a new religious paper which has been started in connection with the recent religious awakening which has been so universal, and from the examination we have had of it, we should judge it to be very well adapted to the wants of the family.